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THE PUNISHER

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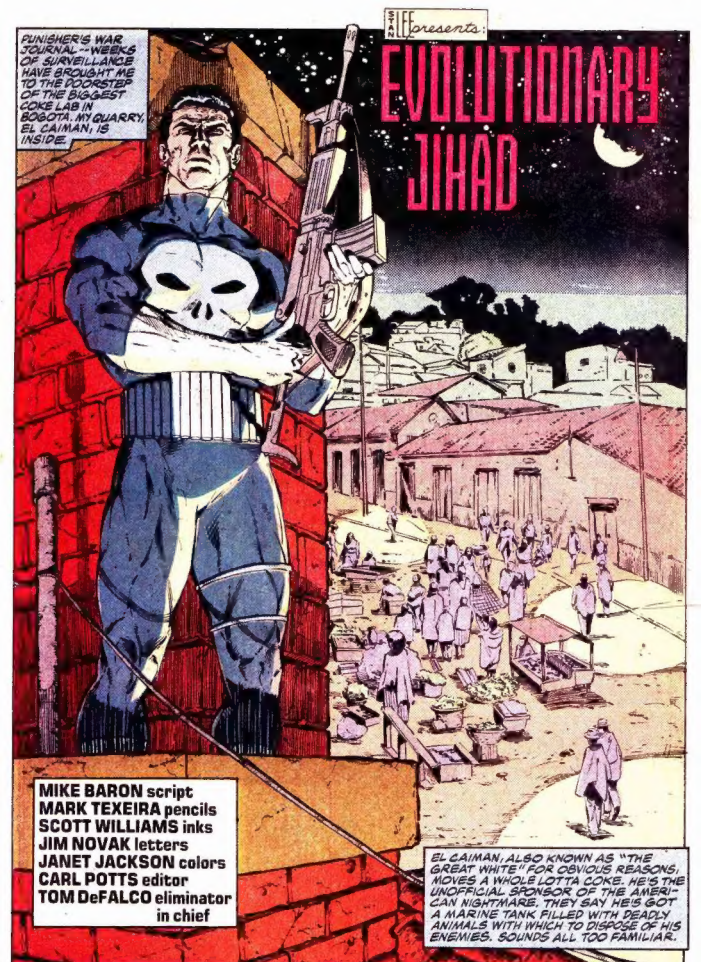
THE EVOLUTIONARY WAR


PUNISHER'S WAR JOURNAL -- WEEKS OF SURVEILLANCE HAVE BROUGHT ME TO THE FOOTSTEP OF THE BIGGEST COKE LAB IN BOGOTA. MY QUARRY, EL CAIMAN, IS INSIDE.
STAN LEE presents:
EVOLUTIONARY JIHAD
MIKE BARON script
MARK TEXEIRA pencils
SCOTT WILLIAMS inks
JIM NOVAK letters
JANET JACKSON colors
CARL POTTS editor
TOM DeFALCO eliminator in chief
EL CAIMAN, ALSO KNOWN AS "THE GREAT WHITE" FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, MOVES A WHOLE LOTTA COKE. HE'S THE UNOFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE. THEY SAY HE'S GOT A MARINE TANK FILLED WITH DEADLY ANIMALS WITH WHICH TO DISPOSE OF HIS ENEMIES. SOUNDS ALL TOO FAMILIAR.

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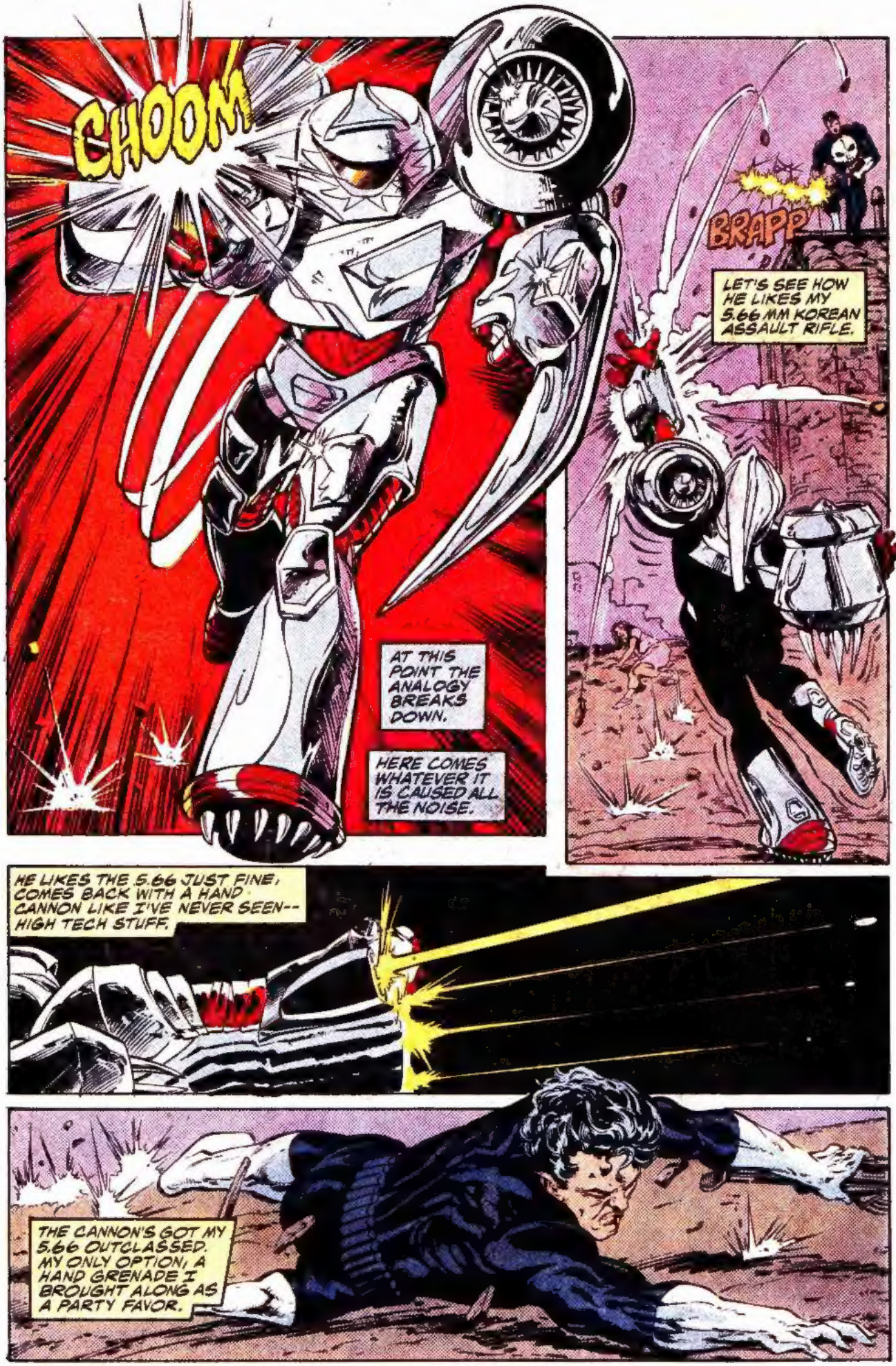
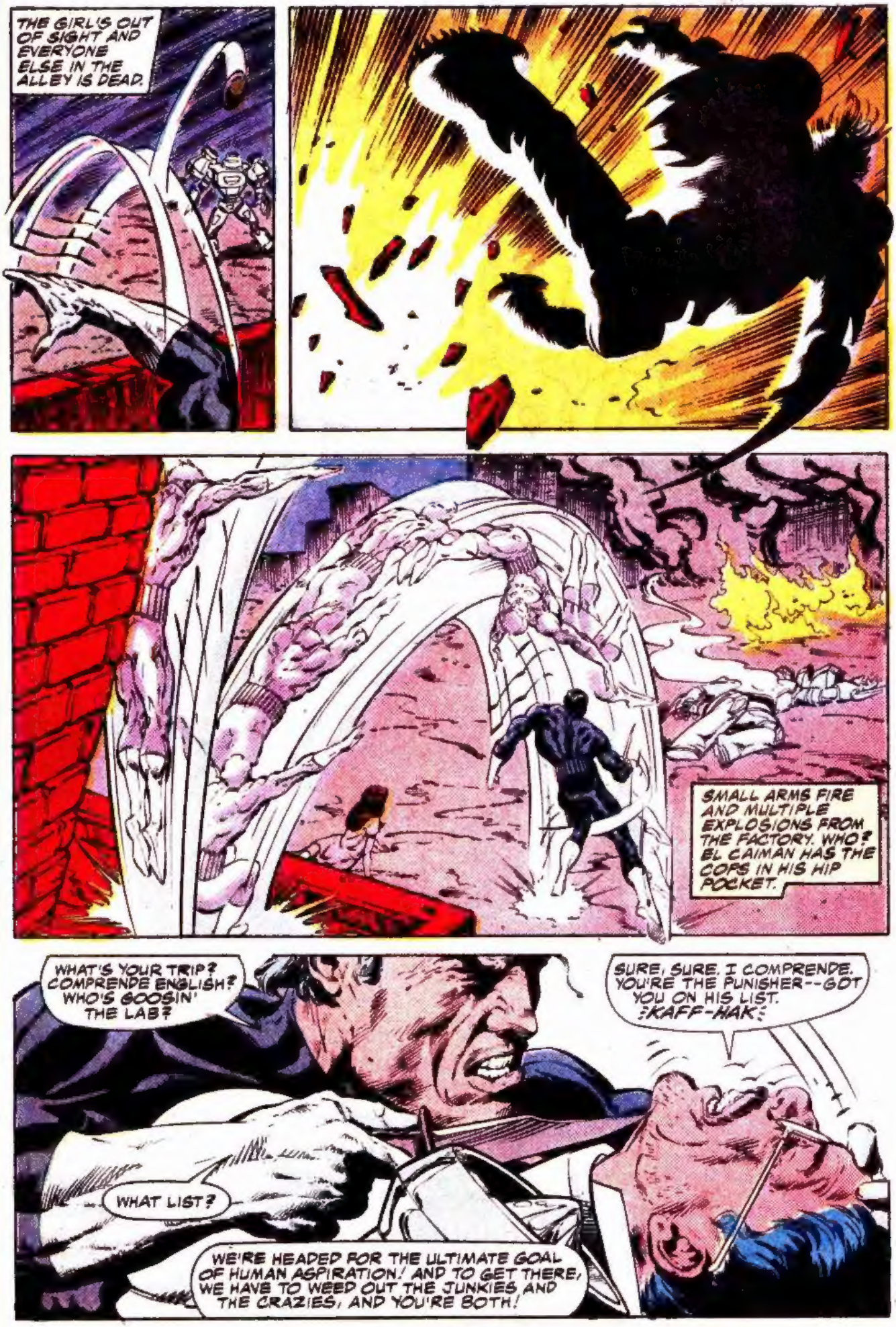
I WOULD HAVE MOVED AN HOUR AGO BUT THE STREET IS FILLED EVEN NOW, AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. YOUNG MOTHERS WITH BABES IN ARMS, VENDORS, DANCING TEENAGERS -- WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?
ALL CHATTING AND FRIENDLY. IT'S A REGULAR NEIGHBORHOOD.
BOOM!
A FIREFIGHT IS LIKE SIX BLIND MEN TRYING TO DESCRIBE AN ELEPHANT.
YOU ONLY SEE LITTLE BITS AND PIECES.
ONE BLIND MAN, HANDLING THE TRUNK, SAYS, "AN ELEPHANT IS LIKE A SNAKE."
BRAPP!
BRAPP!
ANOTHER, FEELING THE LEG, SAYS, "THE ELEPHANT IS LIKE A TREE!"
CLAUDIO!

EVEN FROM UP HERE I CAN'T SEE THE WHOLE ELEPHANT.
UNGH!
GASP! THE ANGEL OF DEATH! HELP ME!
HELP ME...
WHAT PART OF THE ELEPHANT WILL I SEE NEXT?


CHOOM
AT THIS POINT THE ANALOGY BREAKS DOWN.
HERE COMES WHATEVER IT IS CAUSED ALL THE NOISE.
BRAPP
LET'S SEE HOW HE LIKES MY 5.66 MM KOREAN ASSAULT RIFLE.
HE LIKES THE 5.66 JUST FINE, COMES BACK WITH A HAND CANNON LIKE I'VE NEVER SEEN-- HIGH TECH STUFF.
THE CANNON'S GOT MY 5.66 OUTCLASSED. MY ONLY OPTION, A HAND GRENADE I BROUGHT ALONG AS A PARTY FAVOR.


THE GIRL'S OUT OF SIGHT AND EVERYONE ELSE IN THE ALLEY IS DEAD.
SMALL ARMS FIRE AND MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS FROM THE FACTORY. WHO? EL CAIMAN HAS THE COPS IN HIS HIP POCKET.
WHAT'S YOUR TRIP? COMPRENDE ENGLISH? WHO'S GOOSIN' THE LAB?
SURE, SURE. I COMPRENDE. YOU'RE THE PUNISHER--GOT YOU ON HIS LIST. :KAFF-HAK:
WHAT LIST?
WE'RE HEADED FOR THE ULTIMATE GOAL OF HUMAN ASPIRATION! AND TO GET THERE, WE HAVE TO WEED OUT THE JUNKIES AND THE CRAZIES, AND YOU'RE BOTH!

ME?! YOU'RE THE CRAZY ONE! I'M AFTER THE COKE LAB TOO!
PLEASE, ANGEL OF DEATH--MY PAPA IS IN THE FIRE! WE MUST LOOK FOR HIM!
THUNK
KID, NO WAY WE CAN GET IN THERE! IT'S TIME TO JAM!
NO!
KID, LOOK THERE, THROUGH THE FLAMES?
WHAT DO YOU SEE? YEAH--ARMORED PSYCHO-PUNKS, AND I'M NOT READY FOR ANOTHER DANCE.
CLICK

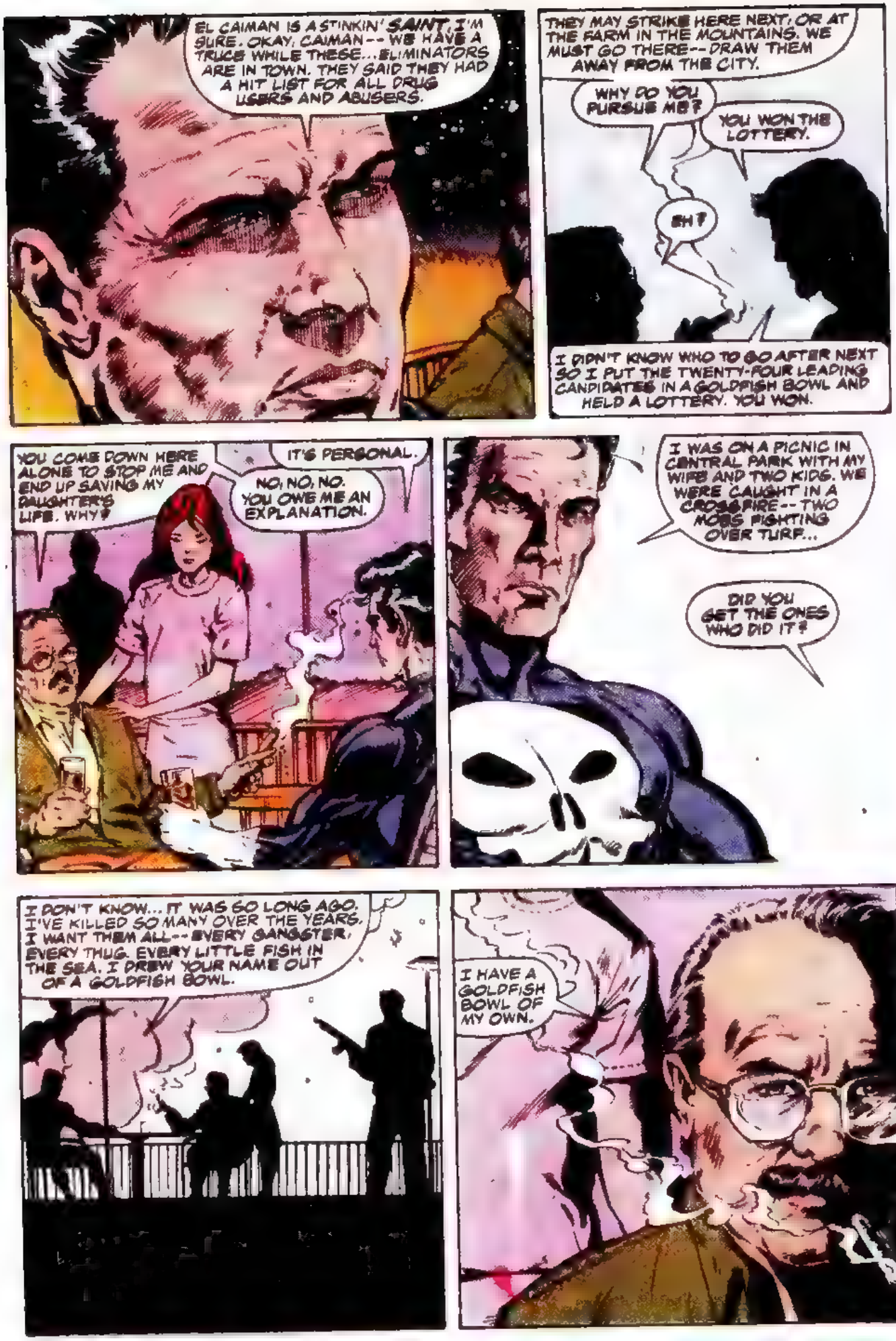
GO! RUN!
BRAPP
LOOK! HE'S AWAKE ALREADY!
NOT FOR LONG.
WHACK
AN INFRARED TRACKING MISSILE OR "SMART BOMB" MAKES A UNIQUE WHISTLING NOISE WHICH ONLY THOSE ON THE RECEIVING SIDE ARE LIKELY TO HEAR.
DOWN!
THE U.S. ARMY HASN'T DEPLOYED THESE YET. THEY'RE STILL IN THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE.

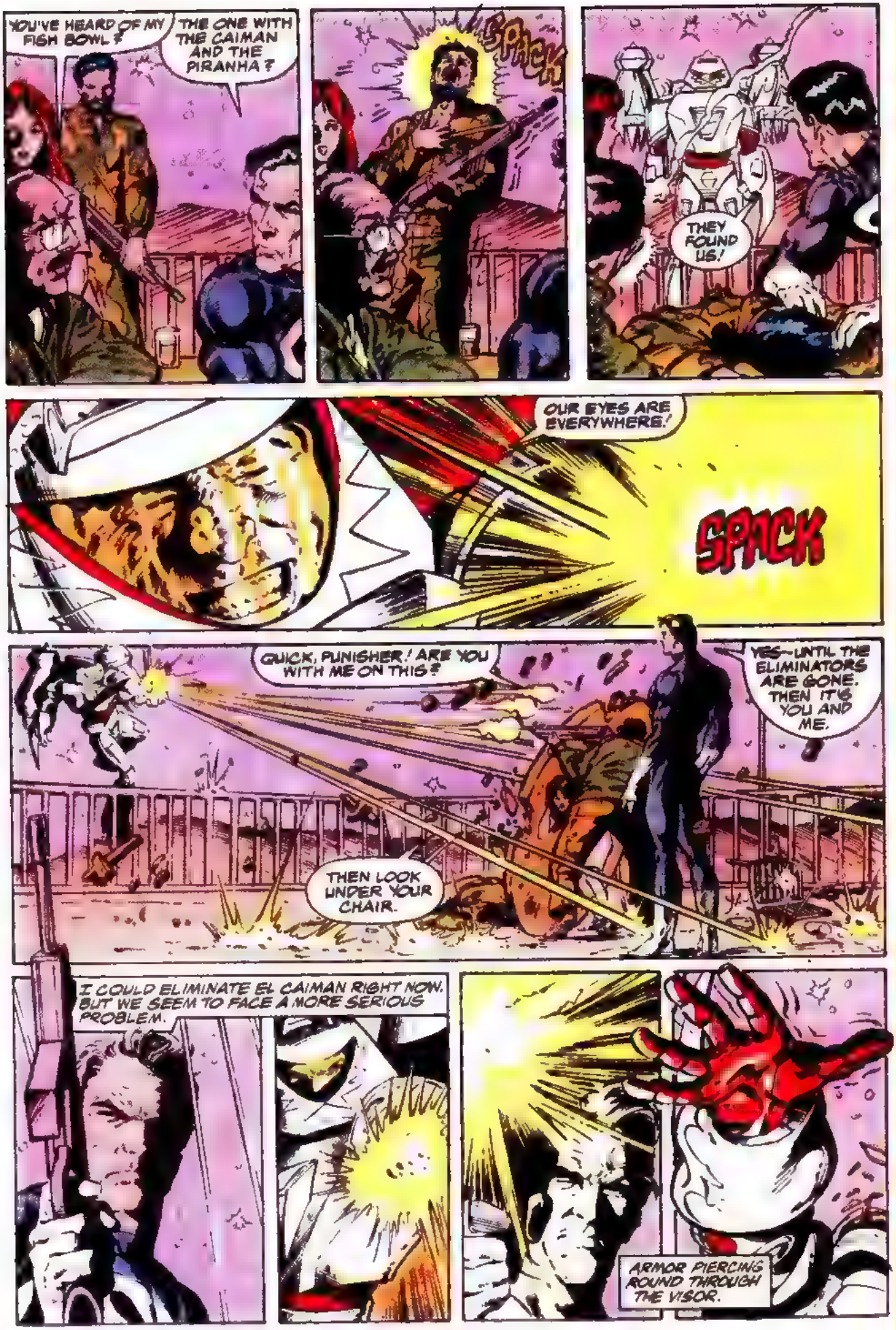
BOOM
MOVE.
POP POP POP
BRAPP
AGH!
BOOM
WHERE TO NOW?
WE MUST FIND PAPA. HE'LL GO TO HIS SAFE-HOUSE ON LITTLE CAESAR.
LITTLE CAESAR? WHO IS YOUR FATHER?
MY PAPA IS EL CAIMAN.
THE UNOFFICIAL SPONSOR OF AMERICA'S NIGHTMARE.
IN THE DISTANCE I HEAR FIRE ENGINES, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THEY'LL BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THIS RATS' MAZE TO DO MUCH GOOD.
WE WALK IN SILENCE, SIX KILOMETERS, TO A TONIER DISTRICT, UP THE SIDE OF LITTLE CAESAR, WHICH GETS ITS NAME FROM THE ABUNDANCE OF RESIDENTS WHO MAKE THEIR LIVING FROM DRUGS.
HALT!
TEO! IT'S ME, LUCINDA!

WHO IS THE GRINGO? HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEM!
HE IS NOT ONE OF THEM! HE SAVED MY LIFE! LET US IN-- I HAVE TO SEE PAPA!
THE GRINGO MUST GIVE ME HIS WEAPONS!
DO IT! NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU HERE!
THEY MISS THE KNIFE, THE DARTS, THE PICKS, AND THE GARROTE.
EL CAIMAN IS IN THE LIVING ROOM.
I KNOW THE WAY.
EL CAIMAN WOULD NOT WANT ME TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THIS GRINGO.
PAPA!

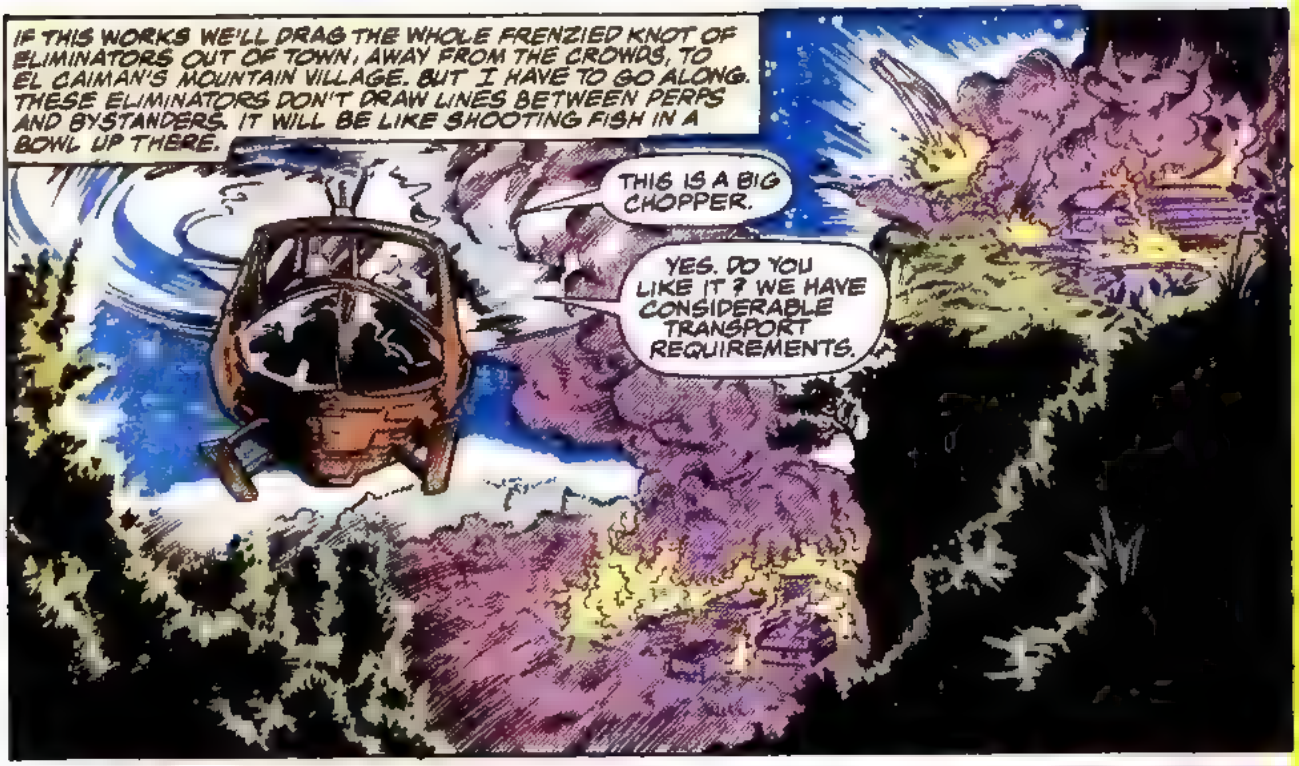
EH? LUCINDA! POR DIOS! THANK GOD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!
PAPA! I WAS SO SCARED! THEY KILLED CLAUDIO!
CLAUDIO! THOSE BUTCHERS! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! I'LL KILL THEM ALL!
YOUR PARDON, SEÑOR CAIMAN. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE ATTACKERS ARE?
THE PUNISHER. I CAME HERE TO PERSUADE YOU TO LEAVE THE COKE TRADE.
THE WAY YOU ARE DRESSED YOU MIGHT BE ONE OF THEM. THEY WERE GRINGOS! IT MUST BE AN AMERICAN MILITARY OPERATION!
THEY AREN'T AMERICAN MILITARY AND I'M NOT ONE OF THEM.
WHO ARE YOU?

MY DAUGHTER NEVER LIES, OR I WOULD KILL YOU. DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE SAYING?
YES.
AND YOU YOURSELF ARE NOT A YANKEE SPY?
NO.
WELL, THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN; ALTHOUGH I DO NOT THINK EVEN MR. REAGAN IS STUPID ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IN THAT RAMBO #%&*!
LOOK AT THIS, SEÑOR PUNISHER... THE WHOLE BARRIO IS ABLAZE!
I DID NOT DO THIS. HUNDREDS WILL DIE. DO YOU THINK I SELL COCAINE TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE DOWN THERE? NEVER. I HELP THEM. BECAUSE OF ME, THEY HAVE FRESH WATER. I BUILT THEM A WELL. THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T BUILD THEM A WELL!
I BUILT THEM A SCHOOL FOR THEIR CHILDREN. I FEED THEM WHEN THEY ARE HUNGRY, I HELP THEM WHEN THEY'RE SICK.
IT IS TRUE. MY FATHER HURTS NO ONE. WHY DO EVIL MEN COME TO DESTROY US?

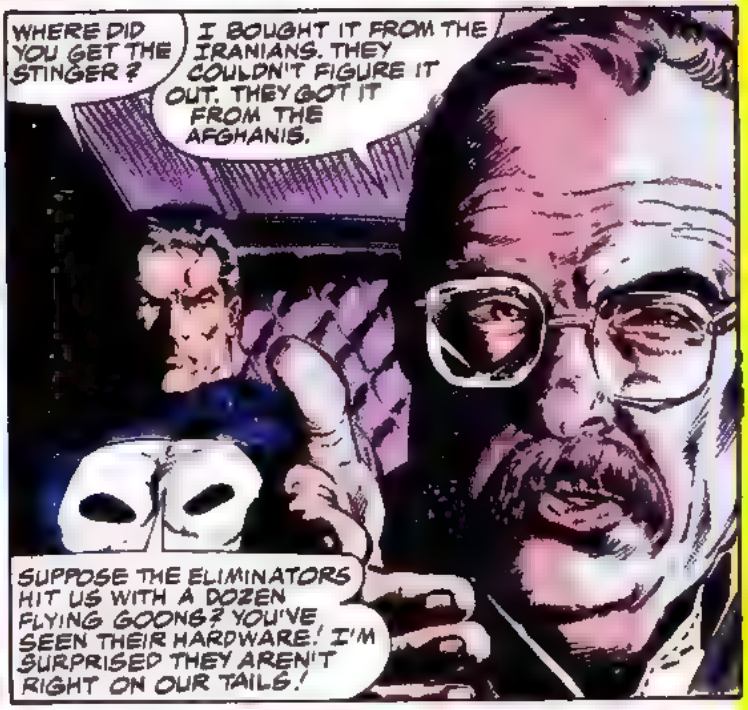

EL CAIMAN IS A STINKIN' SAINT, I'M SURE. OKAY, CAIMAN -- WE HAVE A TRUCE WHILE THESE... ELIMINATORS ARE IN TOWN. THEY SAID THEY HAD A HIT LIST FOR ALL DRUG USERS AND ABUSERS.
THEY MAY STRIKE HERE NEXT, OR AT THE FARM IN THE MOUNTAINS. WE MUST GO THERE -- DRAW THEM AWAY FROM THE CITY.
WHY DO YOU PURSUE ME?
YOU WON THE LOTTERY.
EH?
I DIDN'T KNOW WHO TO GO AFTER NEXT SO I PUT THE TWENTY-FOUR LEADING CANDIDATES IN A GOLDFISH BOWL AND HELD A LOTTERY. YOU WON.
YOU COME DOWN HERE ALONE TO STOP ME AND END UP SAVING MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE. WHY?
IT'S PERSONAL.
NO, NO, NO. YOU OWE ME AN EXPLANATION.
I WAS ON A PICNIC IN CENTRAL PARK WITH MY WIFE AND TWO KIDS. WE WERE CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE -- TWO MOBS FIGHTING OVER TURF...
DID YOU GET THE ONES WHO DID IT?
I DON'T KNOW... IT WAS SO LONG AGO. I'VE KILLED SO MANY OVER THE YEARS. I WANT THEM ALL -- EVERY GANGSTER, EVERY THUG. EVERY LITTLE FISH IN THE SEA. I DREW YOUR NAME OUT OF A GOLDFISH BOWL.
I HAVE A GOLDFISH BOWL OF MY OWN.

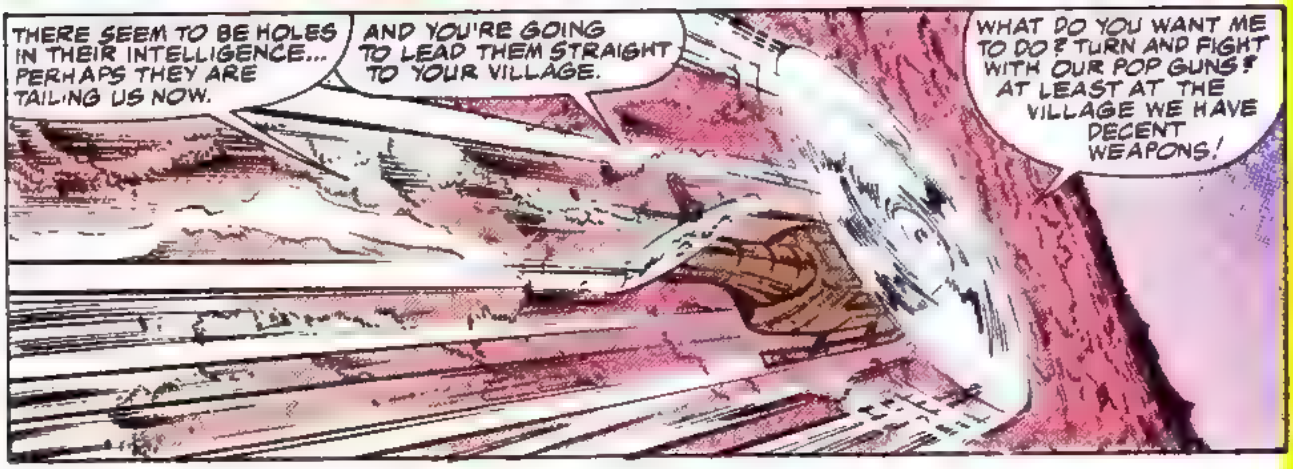

YOU'VE HEARD OF MY FISH BOWL?
THE ONE WITH THE CAIMAN AND THE PIRANHA?
SPACK
THEY FOUND US!
OUR EYES ARE EVERYWHERE!
SPACK
QUICK, PUNISHER! ARE YOU WITH ME ON THIS?
YES--UNTIL THE ELIMINATORS ARE GONE. THEN IT'S YOU AND ME.
THEN LOOK UNDER YOUR CHAIR.
I COULD ELIMINATE EL CAIMAN RIGHT NOW. BUT WE SEEM TO FACE A MORE SERIOUS PROBLEM.
ARMOR PIERCING ROUND THROUGH THE VISOR.

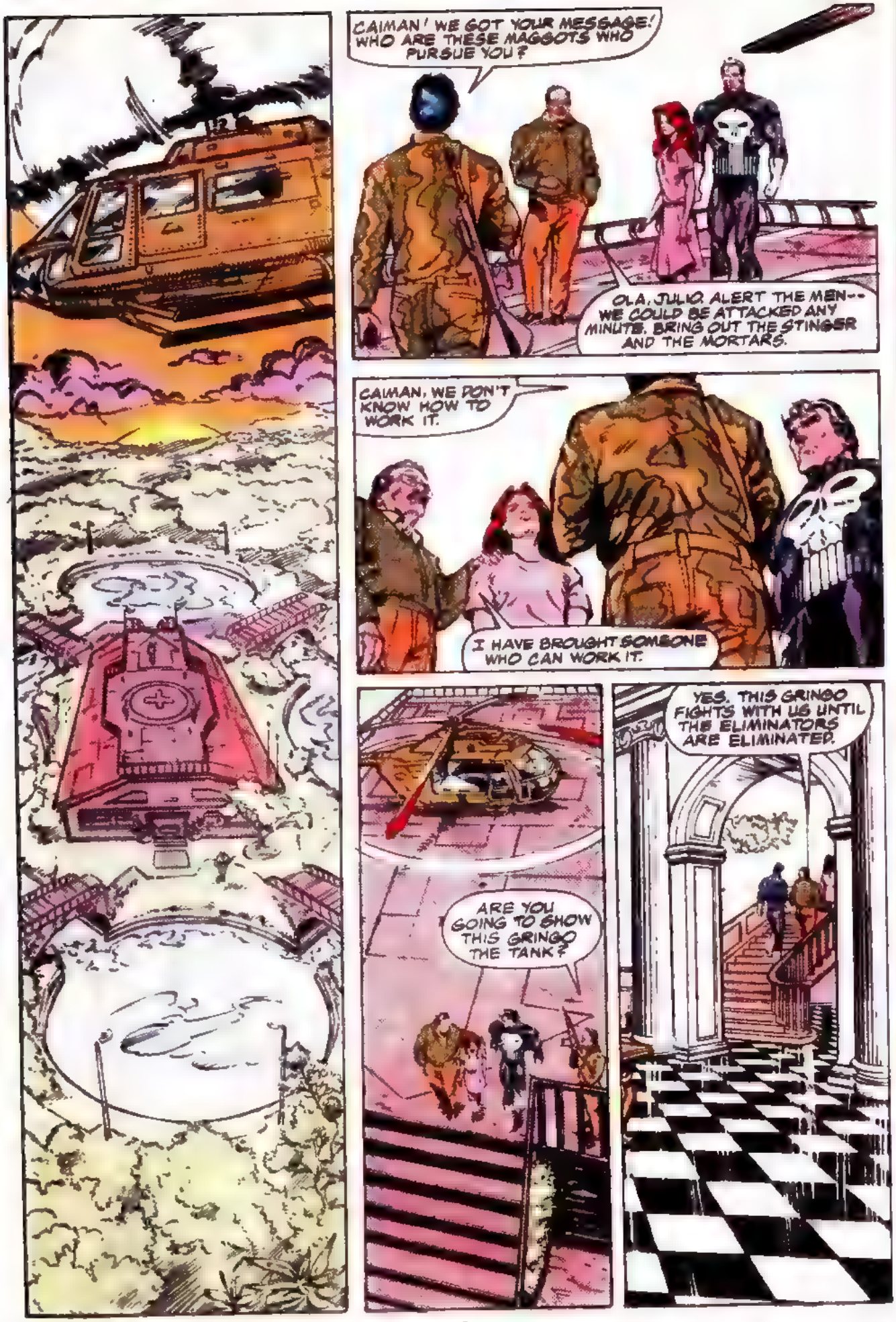
BOOM
FWOOSH
WHO ARE THESE HIJOS DEL DIABLO? MY VILLA IS GONE! WE MUST FLEE TO THE FARM.
PAPA! IF THEY CAN DESTROY THE VILLA HOW WILL WE STOP THEM AT THE FARM?
I DON'T KNOW BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY. THERE ARE 250 VILLAGERS THERE WHO LOOK TO ME FOR SAFETY.
YOU KNOW, EL CAIMAN ACTUALLY DESERVES THE NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, RIGHT UP THERE WITH HENRY THE K.
HOW WILL WE GET AWAY?
THIS TUNNEL LEADS TO ANOTHER HOUSE FURTHER DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. A HELICOPTER IS STANDING BY.

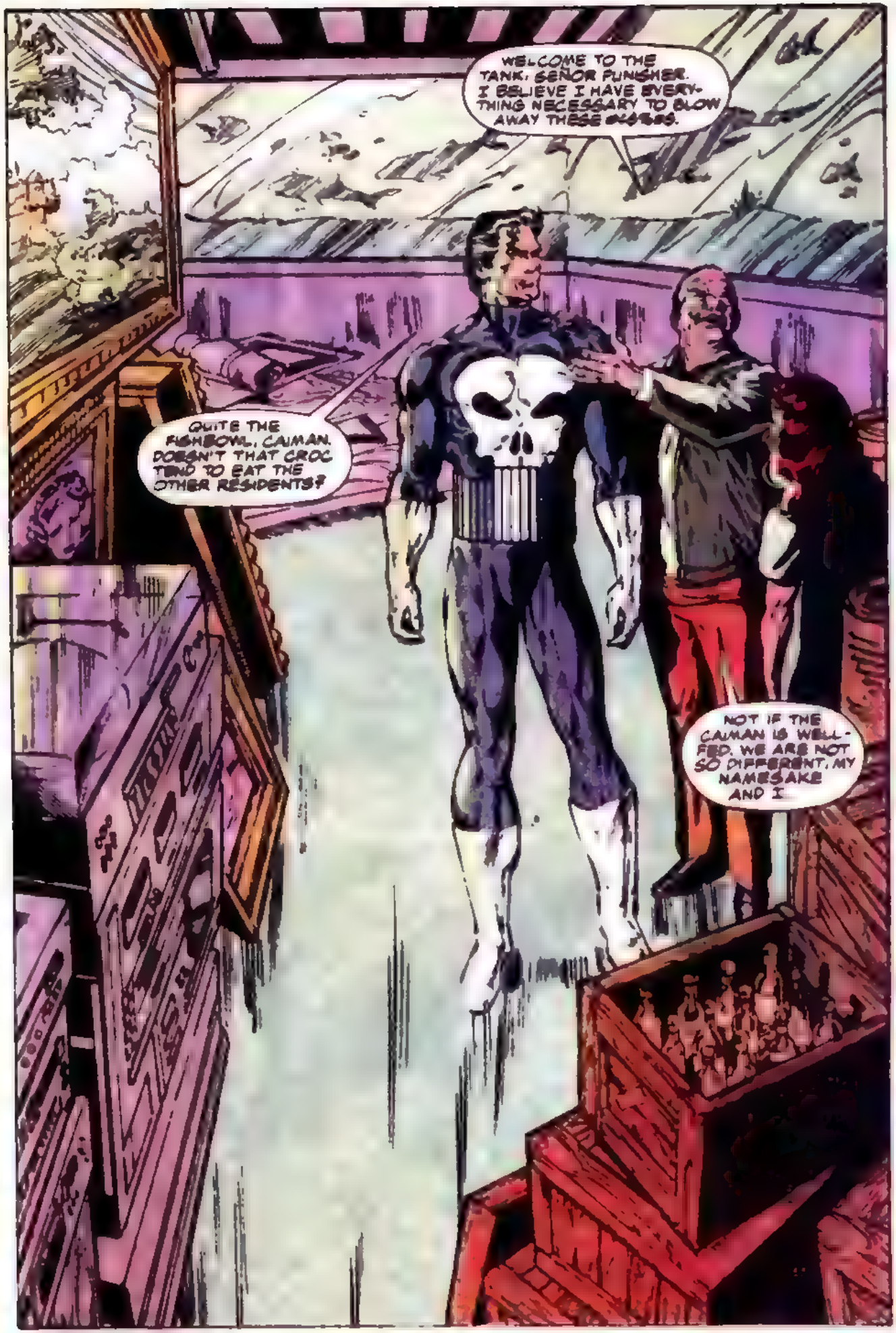

IF THIS WORKS WE'LL DRAG THE WHOLE FRENZIED KNOT OF ELIMINATORS OUT OF TOWN, AWAY FROM THE CROWDS, TO EL CAIMAN'S MOUNTAIN VILLAGE. BUT I HAVE TO GO ALONG. THESE ELIMINATORS DON'T DRAW LINES BETWEEN PERPS AND BYSTANDERS. IT WILL BE LIKE SHOOTING FISH IN A BOWL UP THERE.
THIS IS A BIG CHOPPER.
YES. DO YOU LIKE IT? WE HAVE CONSIDERABLE TRANSPORT REQUIREMENTS.

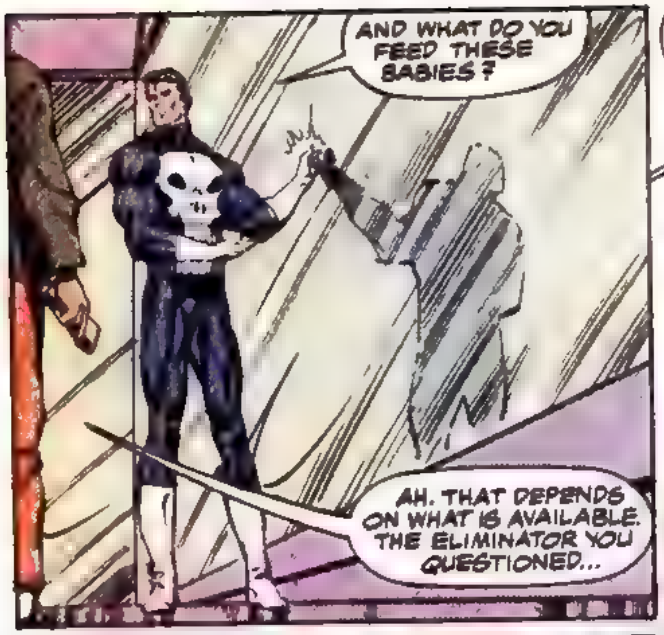
WHAT KIND OF DEFENSE CAN YOU PUT UP?
I HAVE FORTY MEN ARMED WITH AUTOMATICS AND ONE STINGER ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE.


WHERE DID YOU GET THE STINGER?
I BOUGHT IT FROM THE IRANIANS. THEY COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT. THEY GOT IT FROM THE AFGHANIS.
SUPPOSE THE ELIMINATORS HIT US WITH A DOZEN FLYING GOONS? YOU'VE SEEN THEIR HARDWARE! I'M SURPRISED THEY AREN'T RIGHT ON OUR TAILS!

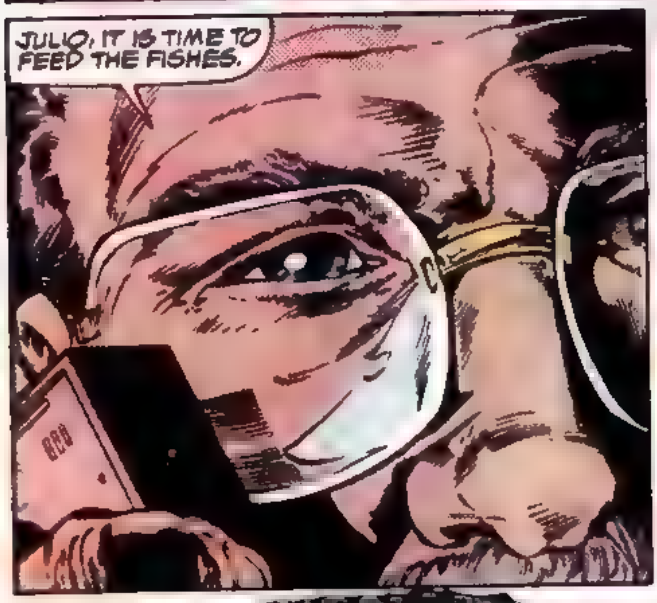

THERE SEEM TO BE HOLES IN THEIR INTELLIGENCE... PERHAPS THEY ARE TAILING US NOW.
AND YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD THEM STRAIGHT TO YOUR VILLAGE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO? TURN AND FIGHT WITH OUR POP GUNS? AT LEAST AT THE VILLAGE WE HAVE DECENT WEAPONS!

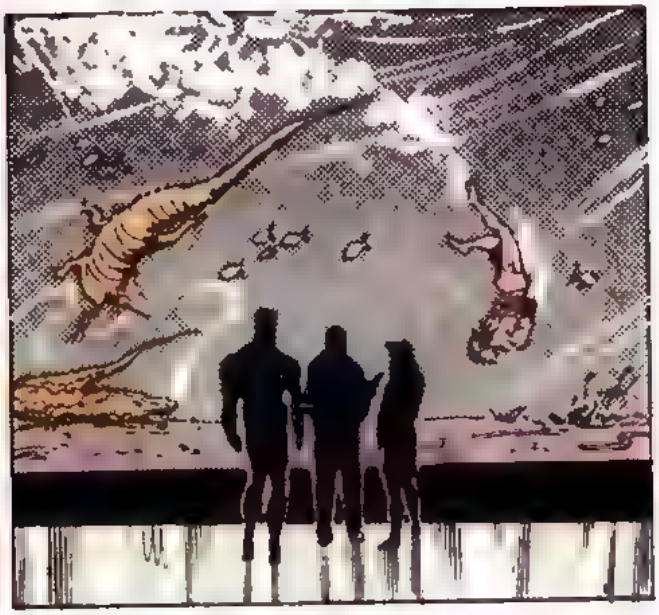

CAIMAN! WE GOT YOUR MESSAGE! WHO ARE THESE MAGGOTS WHO PURSUE YOU?
OLA, JULIO. ALERT THE MEN-- WE COULD BE ATTACKED ANY MINUTE. BRING OUT THE STINGER AND THE MORTARS.
CAIMAN, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK IT.
I HAVE BROUGHT SOMEONE WHO CAN WORK IT.
ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW THIS GRINGO THE TANK?
YES. THIS GRINGO FIGHTS WITH US UNTIL THE ELIMINATORS ARE ELIMINATED.

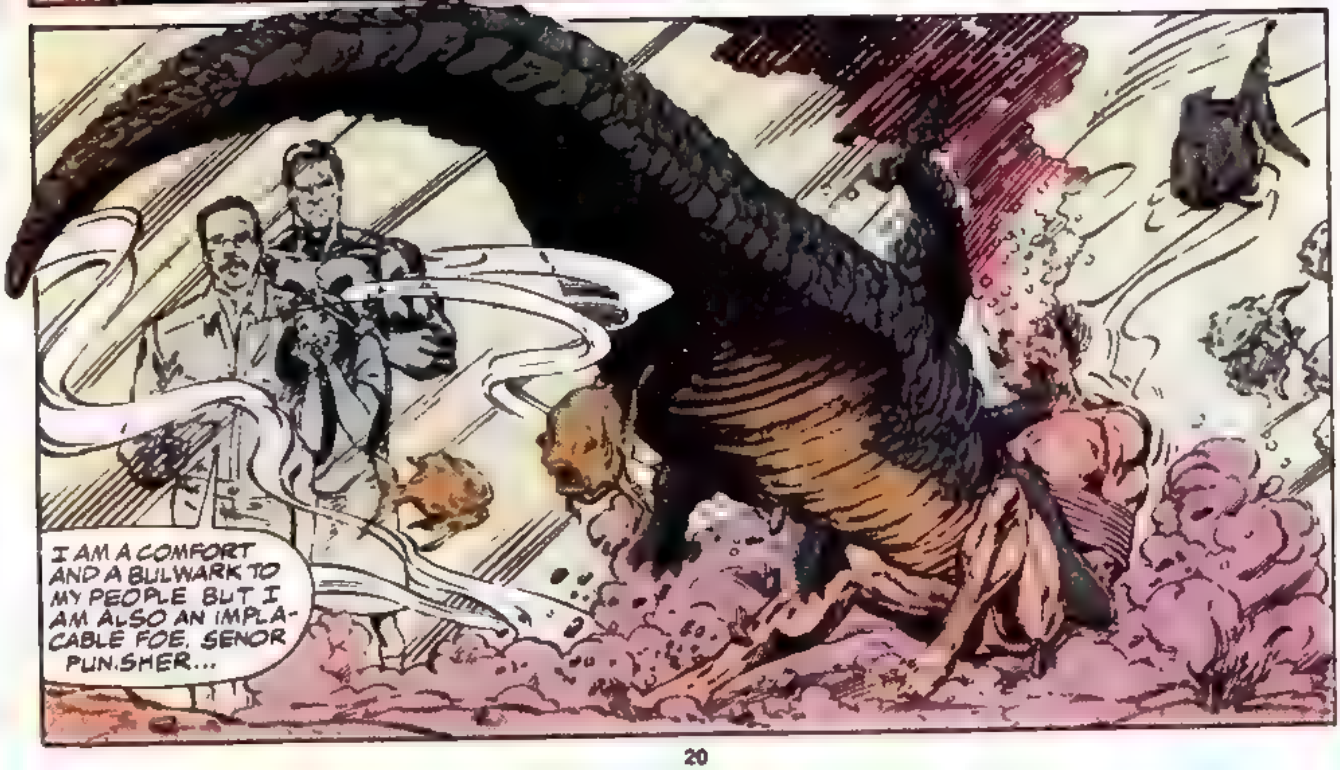

WELCOME TO THE TANK, SEÑOR PUNISHER. I BELIEVE I HAVE EVERYTHING NECESSARY TO BLOW AWAY THESE BASTARDS.
QUITE THE FISHBOWL, CAIMAN. DOESN'T THAT CROC TEND TO EAT THE OTHER RESIDENTS?
NOT IF THE CAIMAN IS WELL-FED. WE ARE NOT SO DIFFERENT, MY NAMESAKE AND I.

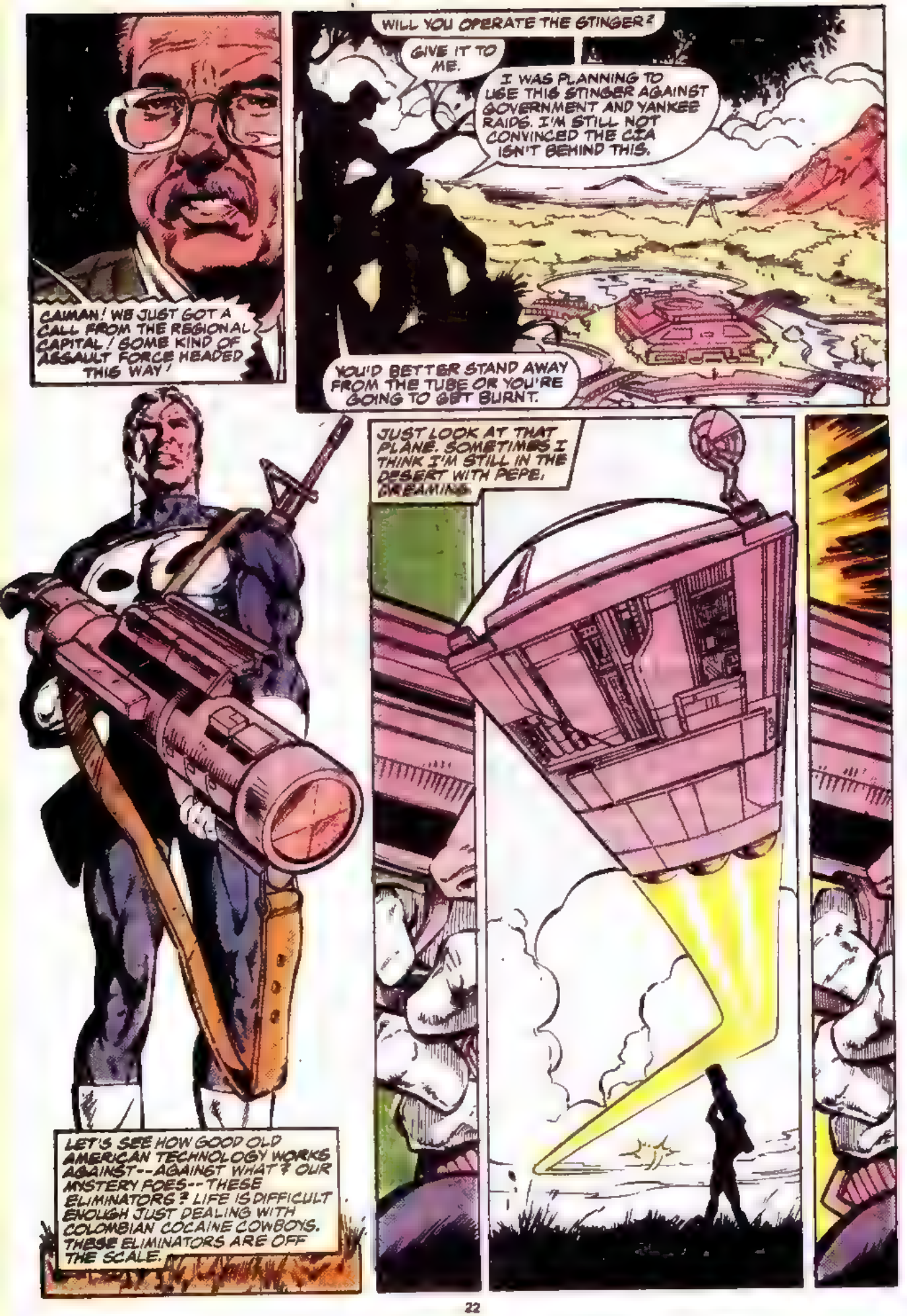

AND WHAT DO YOU FEED THESE BABIES?
AH. THAT DEPENDS ON WHAT IS AVAILABLE. THE ELIMINATOR YOU QUESTIONED...

HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?
LUCINDA HAS TOLD ME EVERYTHING YOU SAW AND DID. I SENT MY OWN MEN AFTER THIS IDIOTA... HIS OWN PEOPLE HAD ABANDONED HIM. AND HERE HE IS.


JULIO, IT IS TIME TO FEED THE FISHES.

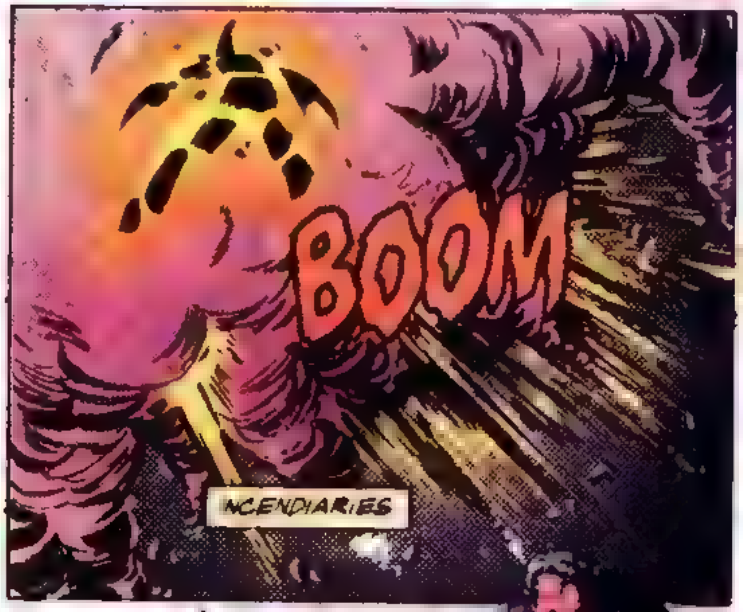


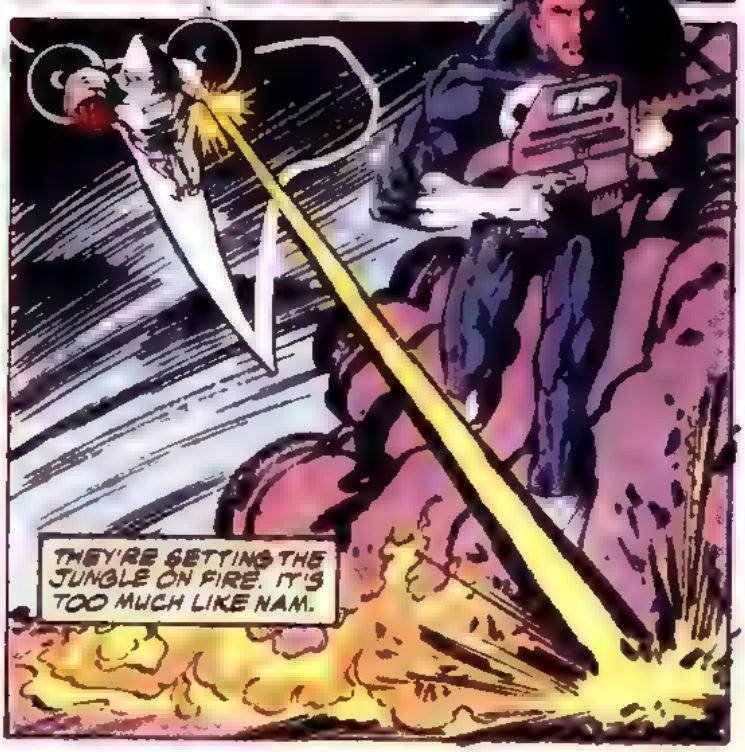

I AM A COMFORT AND A BULWARK TO MY PEOPLE BUT I AM ALSO AN IMPLACABLE FOE, SENOR PUNISHER...


CAIMAN! WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE REGIONAL CAPITAL / SOME KIND OF ASSAULT FORCE HEADED THIS WAY!
WILL YOU OPERATE THE STINGER?
GIVE IT TO ME.
I WAS PLANNING TO USE THIS STINGER AGAINST GOVERNMENT AND YANKEE RAIDS. I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THE CIA ISN'T BEHIND THIS.
YOU'D BETTER STAND AWAY FROM THE TUBE OR YOU'RE GOING TO GET BURNT.
JUST LOOK AT THAT PLANE. SOMETIMES I THINK I'M STILL IN THE DESERT WITH PEPE. DREAMING.
LET'S SEE HOW GOOD OLD AMERICAN TECHNOLOGY WORKS AGAINST--AGAINST WHAT? OUR MYSTERY FOES--THESE ELIMINATORS? LIFE IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH JUST DEALING WITH COLOMBIAN COCAINE COWBOYS. THESE ELIMINATORS ARE OFF THE SCALE.

WHUMP

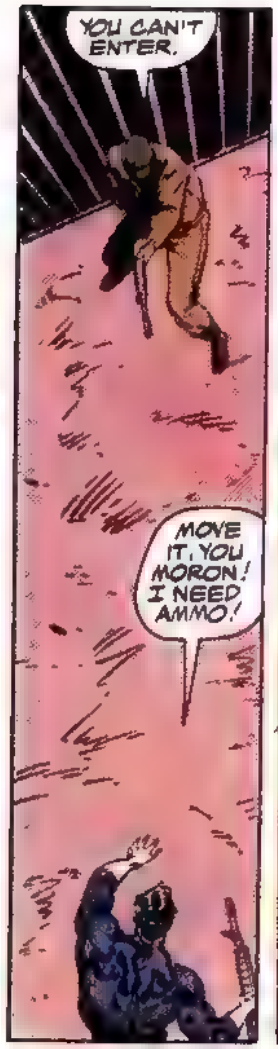
LIKE HITTING THE PIÑATA. SUDDENLY IT'S CHRISTMAS IN APRIL. ONLY INSTEAD OF TOYS AND CANDY THE SKY IS FILLED WITH ARMED MARAUDERS.
FOOSH


BOOM
INCENDIARIES


THEY'RE GETTING THE JUNGLE ON FIRE. IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE NAM.

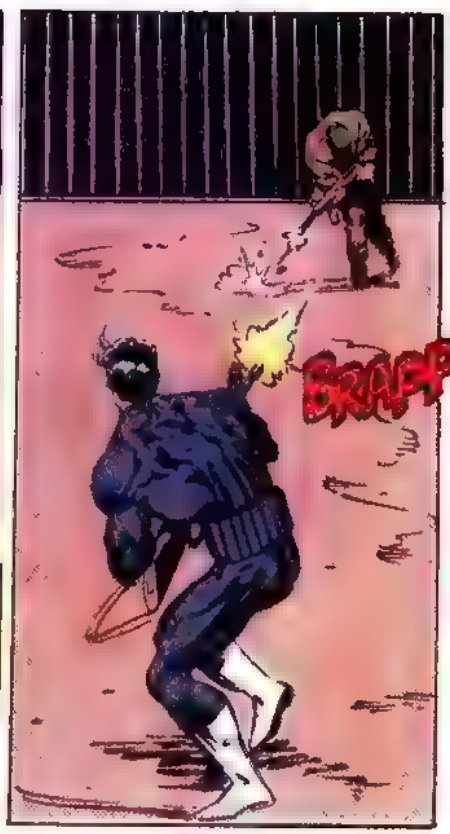
...THE BURNING HUTS, MOTHERS FLEEING IN TERROR, CLUTCHING THEIR BABIES... EVERYTHING I HATE.
BRAPP
THESE GOONS ARE WEARING ENOUGH BODY ARMOR TO STOP THE SMALL STUFF.
PLINK
BUT THE LENSES ARE WEAK. BET TEFLON BULLETS WOULD CUT THROUGH THEIR BODY ARMOR TOO.
THE BATTLE'S GOING BAD. MOST OF THE ELIMINATORS ARE ON THE GROUND AND THE JUNGLE IS ABLAZE. IT RAINS LIKE CRAZY HERE ALL THE TIME. WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO MAKE THE JUNGLE BURN?
EL CAIMAN'S GANG OF SNAKES IS NO MATCH FOR THE SOPHISTICATED ELIMINATORS. IF THE ELIMINATORS WOULD MARK A NICE GUY LIKE ME FOR DEATH, IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT WHAT THEY'VE GOT IN STORE FOR THE HAPLESS NATIVES ON THIS PLANTATION.

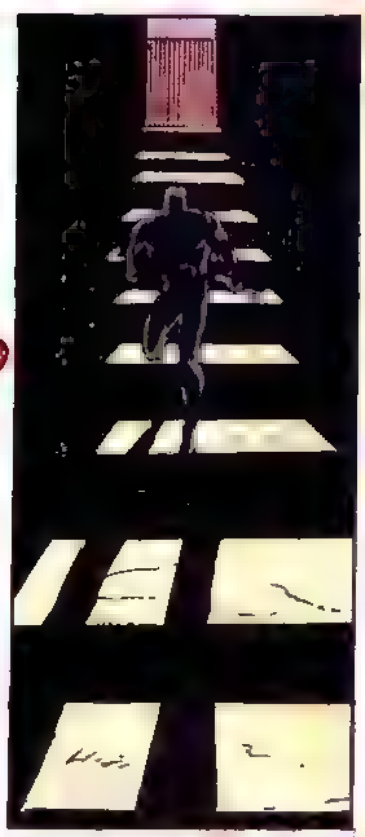
SEEMS TO ME I SAW SOME TEFLON-COATED AMMO IN THE TANK. DOES CAIMAN HAVE A GUN TO FIT?


YOU CAN'T ENTER.
MOVE IT, YOU MORON! I NEED AMMO!

GO AWAY.
CLICK
RATCHET

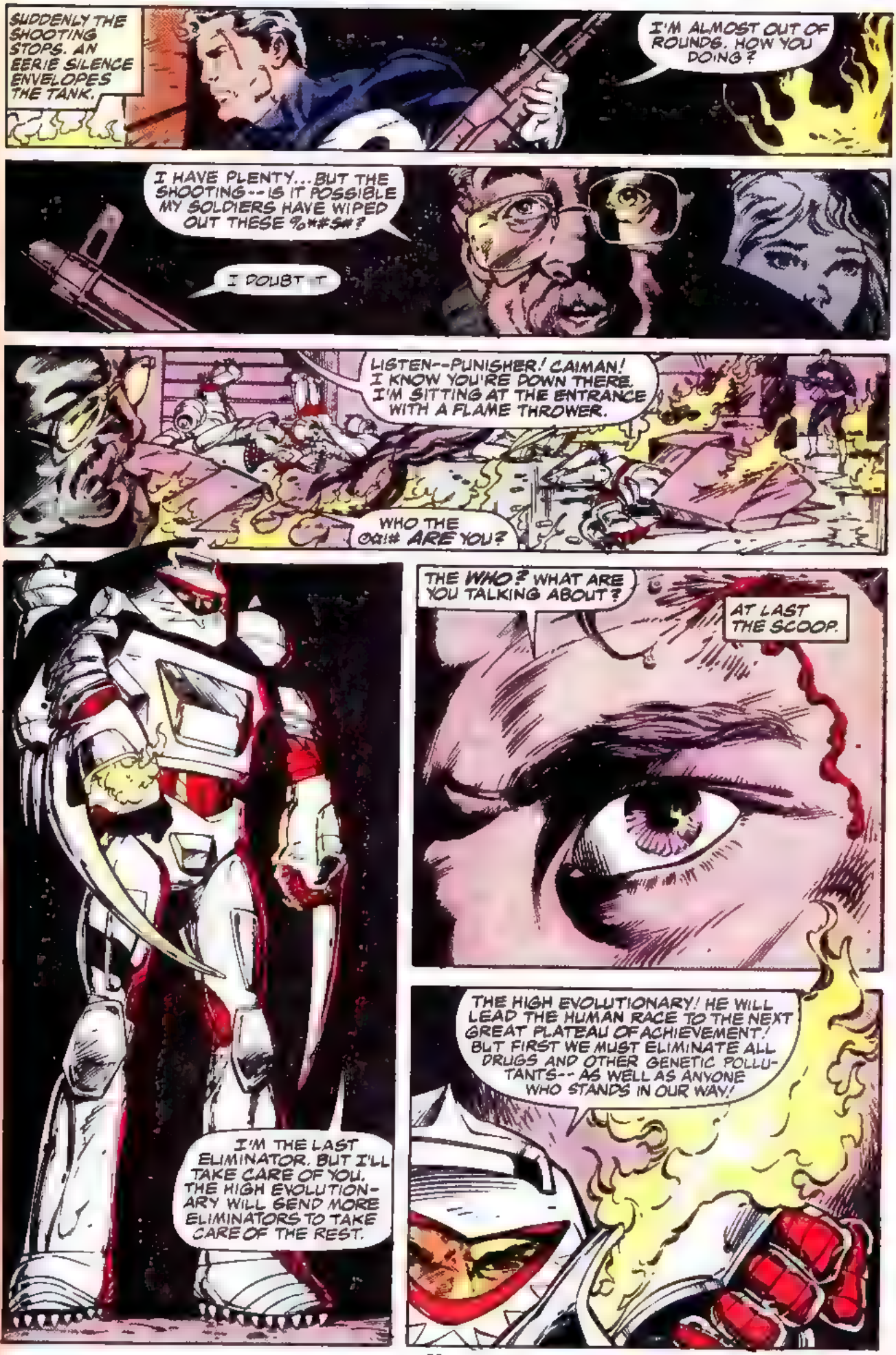
OKAY. I GET THE MESSAGE
I SUPPOSE I WOULD HAVE HAD TO DO THIS ANYWAY.


BRAP!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, CAIMAN? YOU'RE NOT FIXING TO BUG OUT ON YOUR PEOPLE, ARE YOU?
IT'S TIME TO CUT OUR LOSSES AND GET OUT. WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THESE ELIMINATORS.
NOT SO. IN FACT, I WAS JUST COMING FOR SOME TEFLON AMMO AND A GUN WITH WHICH TO SHOOT IT. CUT THROUGH THAT BODY ARMOR LIKE CHEESE.
BLAM
BRAP!
THEY'RE HERE
HERE! THESE HK'S TAKE THE TEFLON! WE'LL HAVE TO LOAD THE CLIPS-- LUCINDA!
I'M LOADING, PAPA!
CLICK

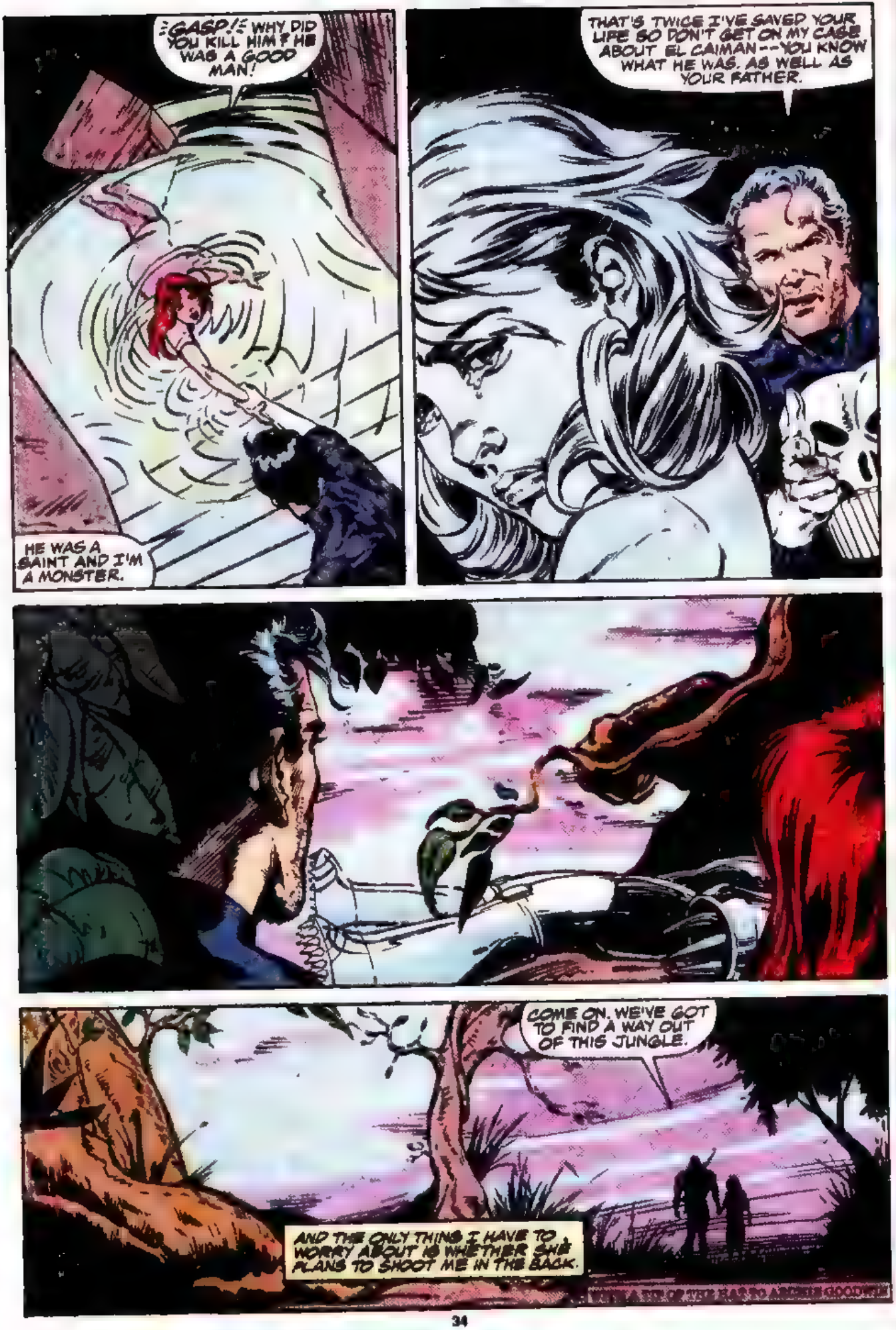
BRAPP
CAIMAN! IF SOMETHING HITS THE AMMO DOWN HERE WE'LL BLOW SKY HIGH.
YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?
VCR
SUNY
WHAT ABOUT THE AQUARIUM?
HA! THE GLASS IS SIX INCHES THICK! WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DROWNING, I ASSURE YOU!
BRAPP


SUDDENLY THE SHOOTING STOPS. AN EERIE SILENCE ENVELOPES THE TANK.
I'M ALMOST OUT OF ROUNDS. HOW YOU DOING?
I HAVE PLENTY...BUT THE SHOOTING--IS IT POSSIBLE MY SOLDIERS HAVE WIPED OUT THESE %*#$#?
I DOUBT IT
LISTEN--PUNISHER! CAIMAN! I KNOW YOU'RE DOWN THERE. I'M SITTING AT THE ENTRANCE WITH A FLAME THROWER.
WHO THE @&!# ARE YOU?
I'M THE LAST ELIMINATOR. BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY WILL SEND MORE ELIMINATORS TO TAKE CARE OF THE REST.
THE WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
AT LAST THE SCOOP.
THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY! HE WILL LEAD THE HUMAN RACE TO THE NEXT GREAT PLATEAU OF ACHIEVEMENT! BUT FIRST WE MUST ELIMINATE ALL DRUGS AND OTHER GENETIC POLLUTANTS-- AS WELL AS ANYONE WHO STANDS IN OUR WAY!

THAT'S RIGHT-- KEEP TALKING, YOU MORON. TEFLON-COATED SLUGS CUT THROUGH CHEAP LUMBER AS EASILY AS KEVLAR --AND THAT'S WHAT CAIMAN'S TANK IS MADE OUT OF-- CHEAP LUMBER.
BRADP
ALL EXCEPT THE GOLDFISH BOWL.
FOOSH
TWO SHOTS LEFT. GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE IGNITES THE AMMO. SWITCH TO SINGLE FIRE AND AIM AT WHERE THE FLAME THROWER HAS TO BE
BLAM
CLATTER

PUNISHER! YOU GOT HIM! QUICKLY! WE MUST LEAVE!
I PREFER YOU TO TOSS ME A FRESH CLIP.
WHY? THE FIGHT IS OVER! QUICKLY--OR THE AMMUNITION WILL IGNITE!
TO SHOW YOUR TRUST, CAIMAN.
BELIEVE ME, I'M GRATEFUL! YOU SAVED LUCINDA'S LIFE. I WON'T FORGET. BUT AS YOU POINTED OUT, OUR MUTUAL ANTAGONIST HAS BEEN DEFEATED...
BRAPP
PLEASE, PAPA, CAN'T YOU LET HIM GO?
I'M SORRY, MY DARLING. BUT HE WOULD NOT HESITATE TO KILL ME, IF I DO THAT.
SANY
HE COULD FIRE A CLIP RIGHT THROUGH THOSE V.C.R.'S, BUT I'LL HAVE TO STAND UP ANYWAY... LOOKS LIKE THE ROOF'S GOING TO CAVE IN.

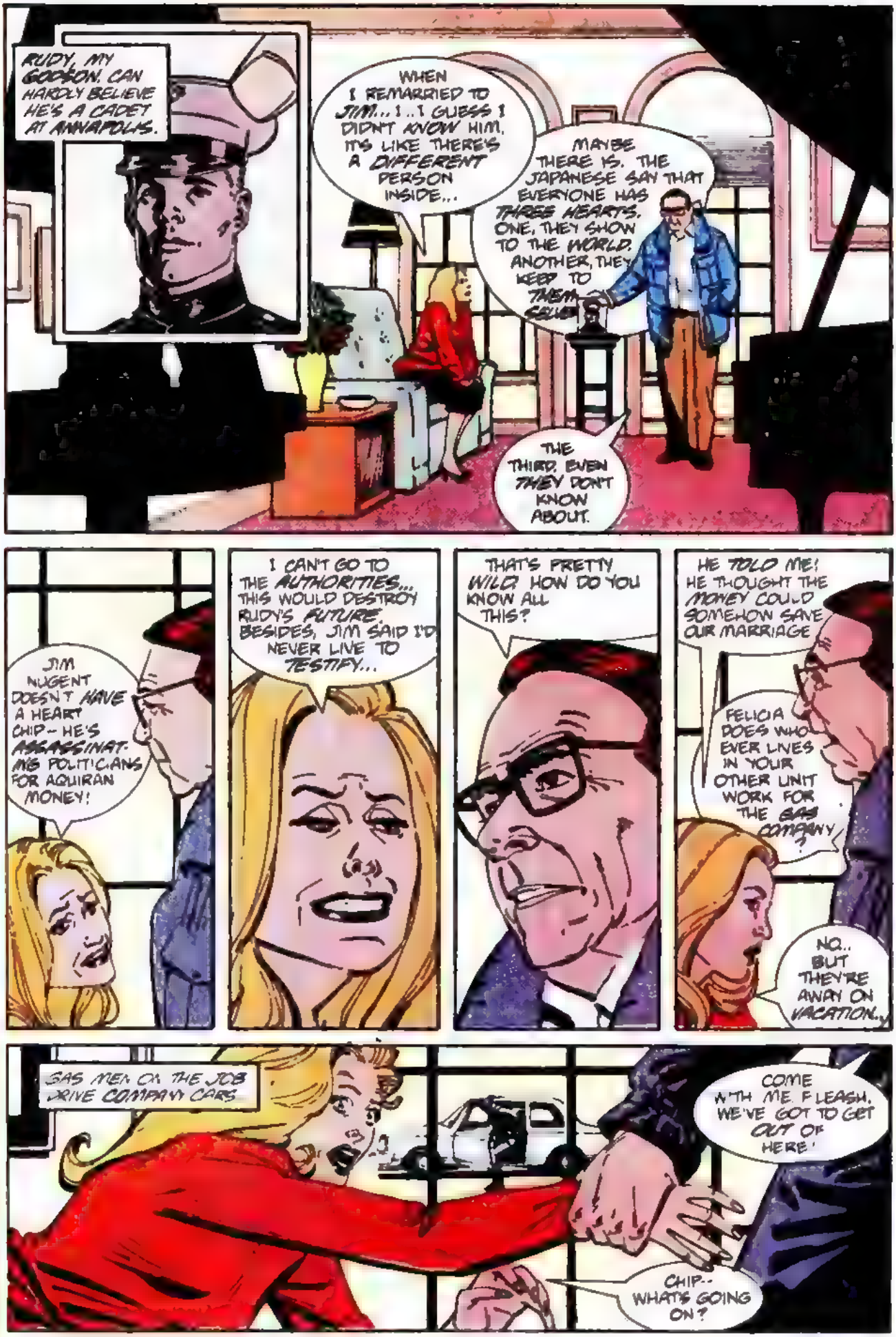
MY WAY'S BETTER. I STILL HAVE ONE SHOT LEFT, SEE?
SO WHAT?! YOU CAN'T SEE ME THROUGH THE SMOKE! WHAT IF YOU MISS?
I CAN'T MISS. HOW CAN YOU MISS THE INSIDE OF A GOLDFISH BOWL?
YOU'RE CROC FOOD.
BLAM
A TEFLON BULLET WILL EVEN CUT THROUGH SIX INCH AQUARIUM GLASS.
SPACK


:GASP!: WHY DID YOU KILL HIM? HE WAS A GOOD MAN!
HE WAS A SAINT AND I'M A MONSTER.
THAT'S TWICE I'VE SAVED YOUR LIFE SO DON'T GET ON MY CASE ABOUT EL CAIMAN--YOU KNOW WHAT HE WAS, AS WELL AS YOUR FATHER.
COME ON. WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT OF THIS JUNGLE.
AND THE ONLY THING I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS WHETHER SHE PLANS TO SHOOT ME IN THE BACK.

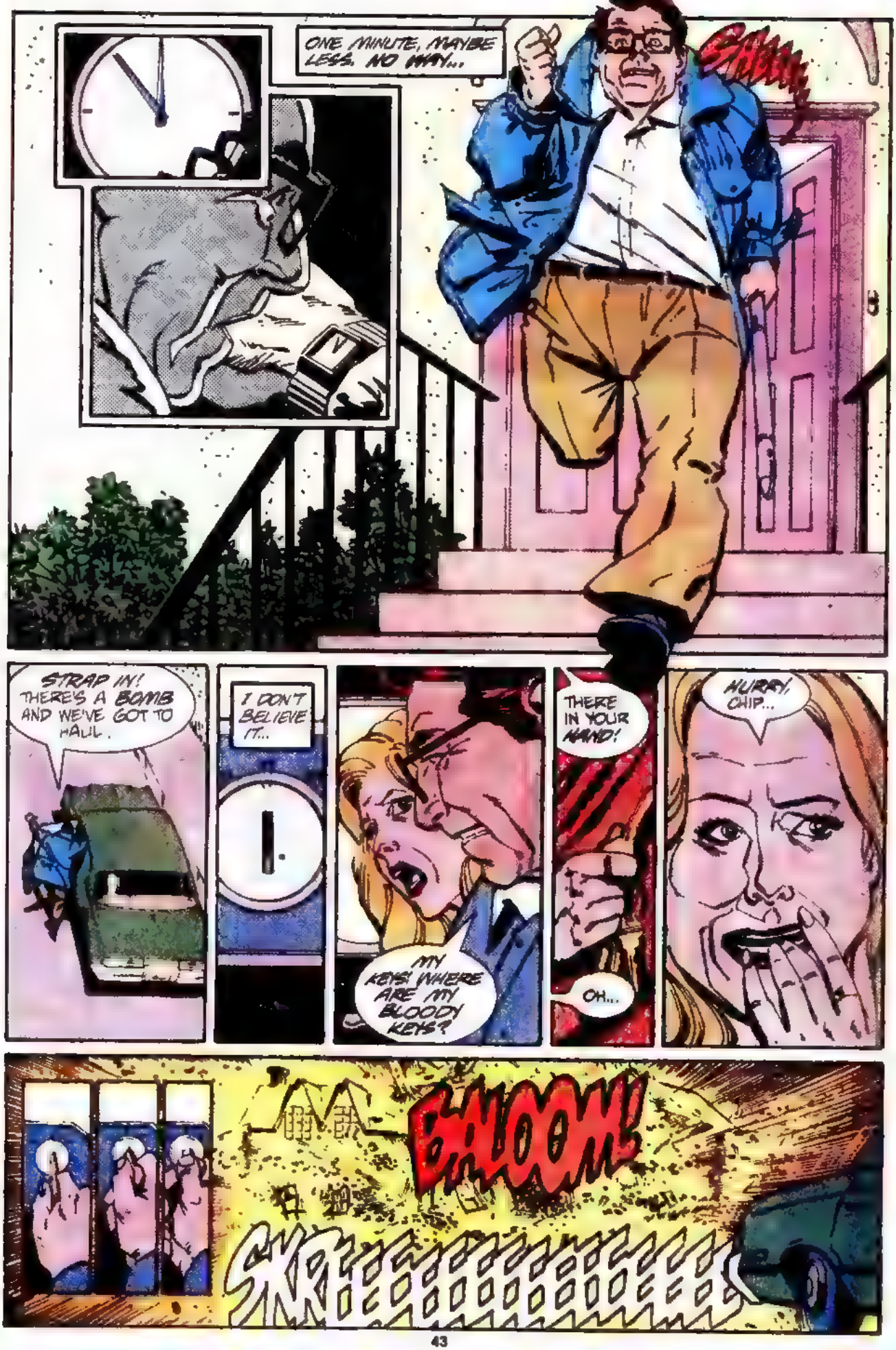
STAN LEE presents:
3 HEARTS
MICRO-CHIP'S WAREHOUSE IN NEW JERSEY
"...AUTHORITIES CONTINUE TO SEARCH FOR THE ASSASSIN OF SENATOR ALAN BORSUK, WHO WAS GUNNED DOWN TWO DAYS AGO...
"...OUTSIDE A MID-TOWN POLITICAL RALLY, DESPITE INTENSE EFFORTS BY THE F.B.I AND THE METRO POLICE DEPARTMENT, THE MYSTERIOUS GUNMAN REMAINS AT LARGE..."
FUNNY THING ABOUT MONEY MY FRIEND, THE INDUSTRIALIST, ASKS IF I CAN ARMOR THIS ITALIAN HERE...
ROGER SALICK · writer
MIKE VOSBURG · artist
KEN BRUZENAK · letterer
MAX SCHEELE · colorist

HE WANTS LEVEL II. I LAUGH. HE SMILES AND PULLS OUT HIS CHECK-BOOK..
KERCHICK
FOLLOWING THE SIMILAR SLAYING OF SEWER COMMISSIONER DAVID WEISS ONLY 21 DAYS AGO, A WAVE OF PANIC...
...A FOUR, AND FIVE ZEROES, I ASK HIM HOW SOON HE NEEDS IT...
SERVICES WILL BE HELD TONIGHT FOR FRIENDS AND FAMILY OF THE LATE SENATOR...
SENATOR MILLS 1927-1988
BE SURE TO TEST IT FIRST, HE SAYS..
KATCHOWTCHOWTCHOWTCHOW
TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
BARELY SCRATCHED. CAN'T BEAT THOSE LAMINATED COMPOSITES.
TIME TO SEE FELICIA. I'M LATE.
I TAKE THE FURY...MY SLEEPER. UNDER ITS UGLY HIDE IS A BLUE-PRINTED, BALANCED, AND BORED HEMI THAT'LL SUCK YOUR DOORS OFF

FELICIA'S DUPLEX
I HAVEN'T SEEN FELICIA MUCH SINCE SHE REMARRIED A FEW YEARS BACK...
WHEN FELICIA'S BEN WAS STILL ALIVE... AND MY WIFE SALLY... THE FOUR OF US USED TO GO OUT EVERY FRIDAY AND PAINT THE TOWN.
THOSE WERE GREAT DAYS.
I REMEMBER THE TIME BEN CAME TO THE BARBECUE DRESSED LIKE FRED ASTAIRE... THOUGHT I'D DIE LAUGHING.
FELICIA...
CHIP, OH, CHIP, THANK GOD YOU'RE HERE.
HEY... IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT...
CHIP, WE'VE GOT TO TALK... I CAN'T HANDLE THIS...


RUDY, MY GODSON, CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HE'S A CADET AT ANNAPOLIS.
WHEN I REMARRIED TO JIM... I... I GUESS I DIDN'T KNOW HIM. IT'S LIKE THERE'S A DIFFERENT PERSON INSIDE...
MAYBE THERE IS. THE JAPANESE SAY THAT EVERYONE HAS THREE HEARTS. ONE, THEY SHOW TO THE WORLD. ANOTHER, THEY KEEP TO THEMSELVES.
THE THIRD, EVEN THEY DON'T KNOW ABOUT.
JIM NUGENT DOESN'T HAVE A HEART CHIP - HE'S ASSASSINATING POLITICIANS FOR AQUIRAN MONEY!
I CAN'T GO TO THE AUTHORITIES... THIS WOULD DESTROY RUDY'S FUTURE. BESIDES, JIM SAID I'D NEVER LIVE TO TESTIFY...
THAT'S PRETTY WILD! HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?
HE TOLD ME! HE THOUGHT THE MONEY COULD SOMEHOW SAVE OUR MARRIAGE
FELICIA DOES WHO EVER LIVES IN YOUR OTHER UNIT WORK FOR THE GAS COMPANY?
NO.. BUT THEY'RE AWAY ON VACATION.
GAS MEN ON THE JOB DRIVE COMPANY CARS
COME WITH ME, FLEASH. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
CHIP-- WHAT'S GOING ON?

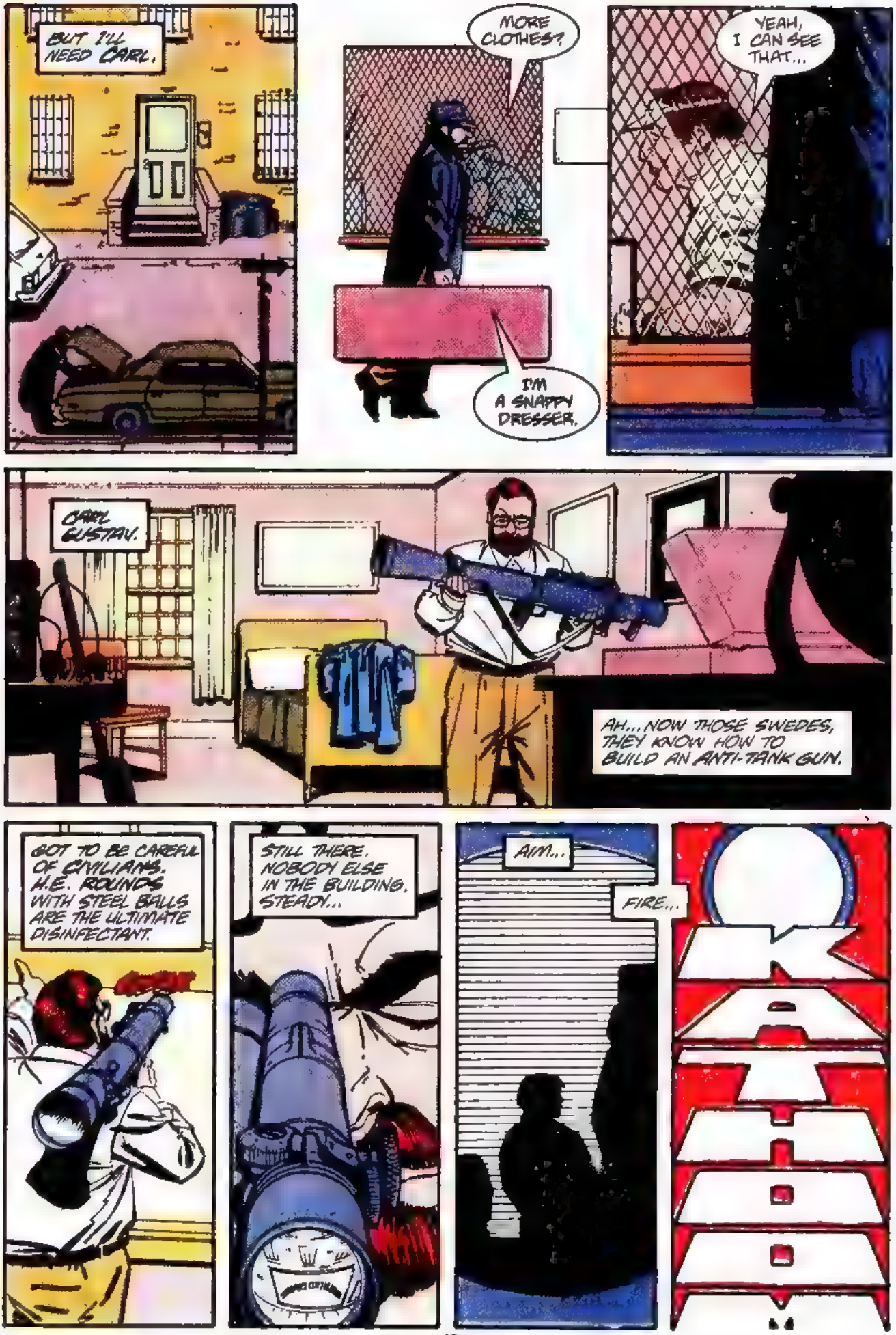
IN THE CAR- QUICK!
CHIP...
KABOOM!!
THAT GAS MAN IS A PHONEY. I HAVE TO CHECK SOMETHING...
...LET ME HAVE THE KEYS TO THE OTHER UNIT OF YOUR DUPLEX...
EXPLOSIVES DETECTOR. CAPTURES ELECTRONS IN THE VAPOR.
CHIP... WHAT IS THAT THING?
IT'S JUST A GIZMO, HONEY. STAY PUT. NOW...
EEEEEEEEE
SOMEONE'S BEEN BUSY..
EEEEEEEE
I HATE THIS...
EEEEEE
C-4...
EEEEEE
EEEEE

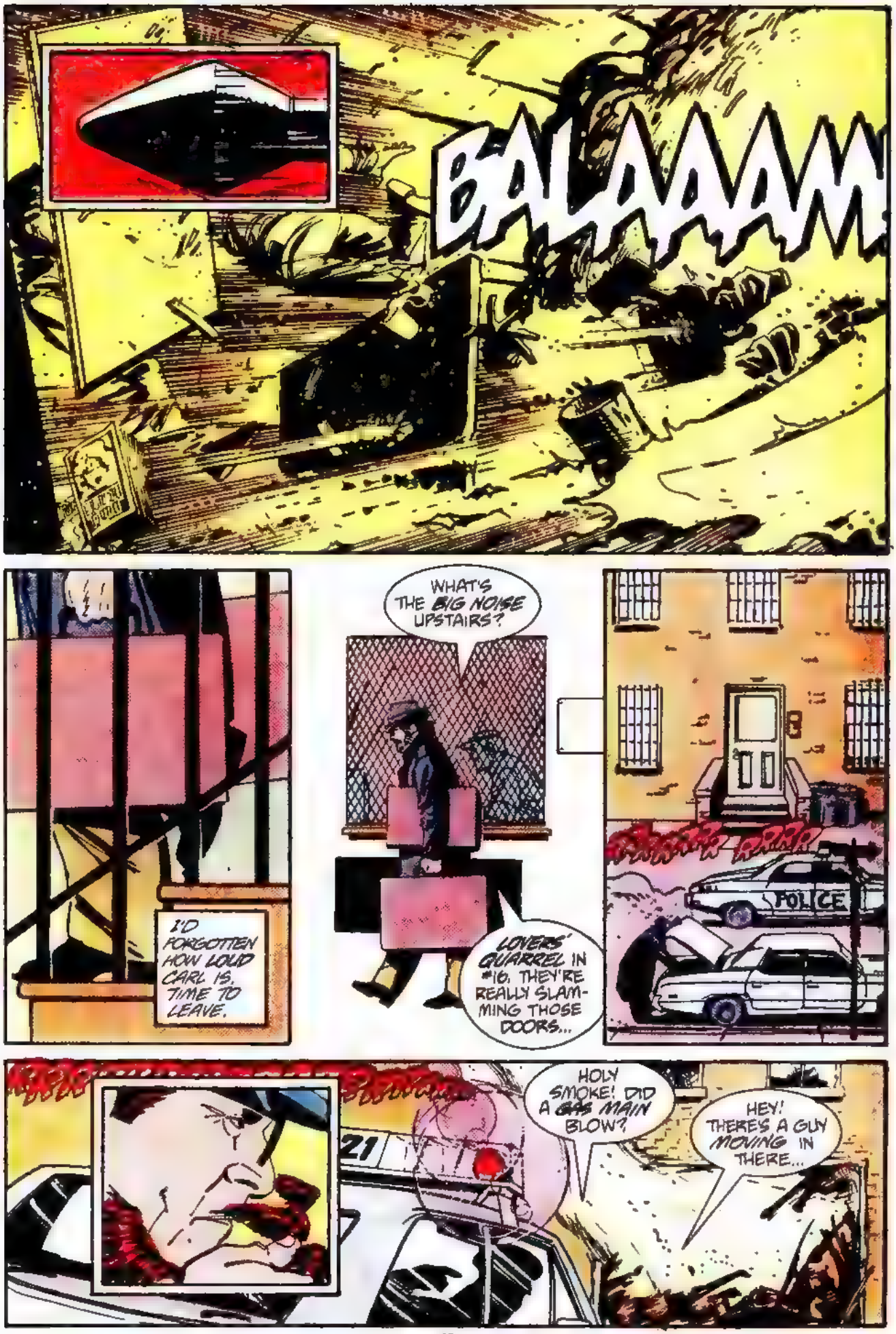

ONE MINUTE, MAYBE LESS. NO WAY...
SHIT!!!
STRAP IN! THERE'S A BOMB AND WE'VE GOT TO HAUL.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT...
MY KEYS! WHERE ARE MY BLOODY KEYS?
THERE IN YOUR HAND!
OH...
HURRY, CHIP...
BALOOM!
SKREEEE

BACK AT THE WAREHOUSE...
FELICIA IS BURNED OUT. WHILE SHE SLEEPS, I DIG INTO JIM NUGENT'S LIFE. I COME UP WITH ZIP.
TAP TAP TAP
FACT: NUGENT'S TRYING TO KILL FELICIA.
ASSUMPTION: HE'S IN BED WITH KAFORAH AND THE AQUIRANS...
QUESTION: WHAT TO DO..
BEN WAS ONE OF THE BEST FRIENDS I EVER HAD. I PROMISED HIM I'D LOOK AFTER FELICIA AND RUDY.
Fleash- Gone to town. Don't leave till I get back. Chip
NOW THERE'S A LOONY ON THE LOOSE, OUT TO KILL BEN'S WOMAN...
...AND DRAG HIS SON THROUGH THE DIRT.
I'M GOING TO TAKE NUGENT DOWN...
I CRUISE PAST NUGENT'S OFFICE BUILDING. IT SITS ON THE DIRTY EDGE OF THE OLD FIFTH WARD.
ADVANCED EXPORTS

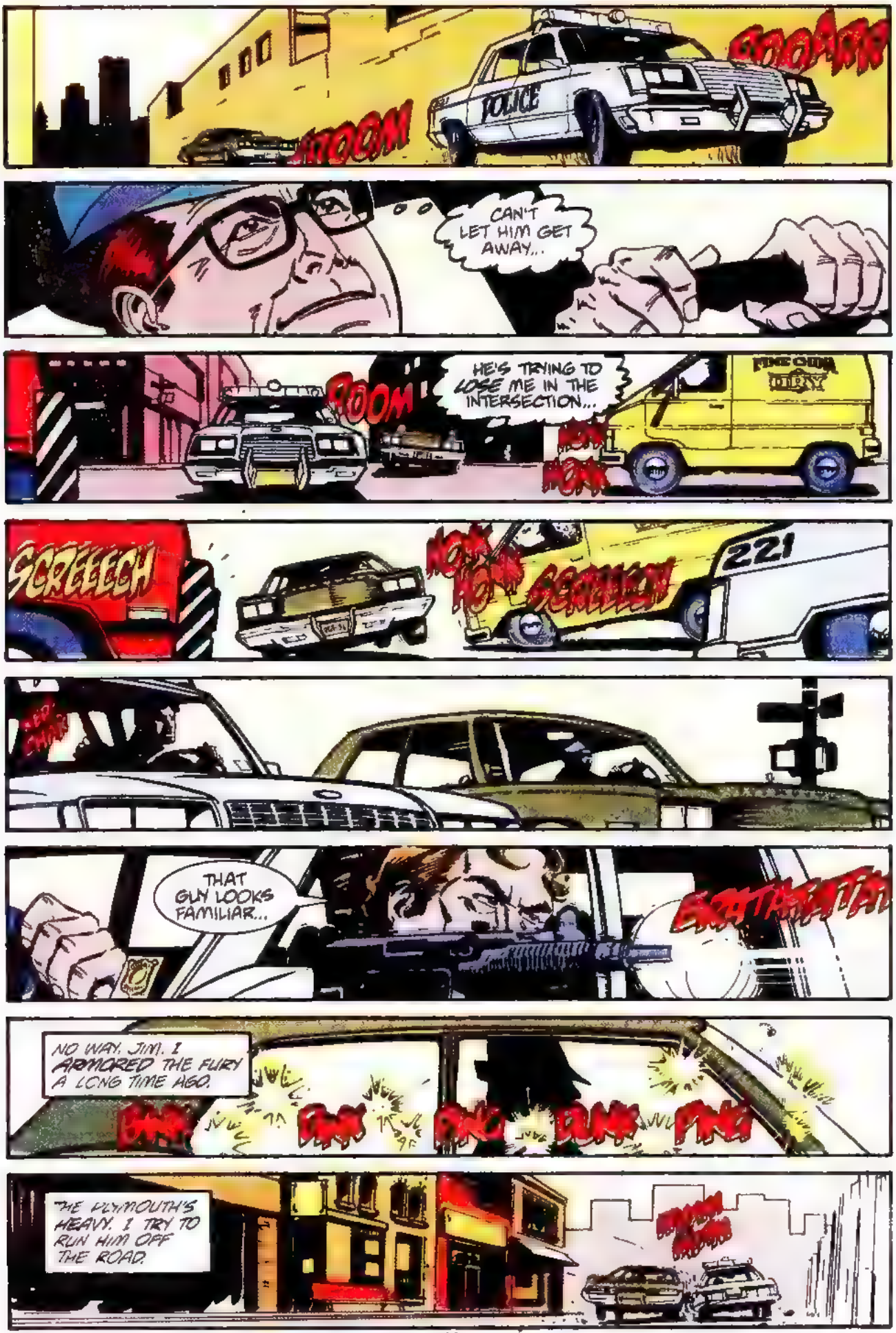
I RENT A DIVE HOTEL ROOM THREE BLOCKS AWAY
A ROOM WITH A VIEW...
MICROPHONE SHOOTER. I NEED BARS...
TFFF
...YOU BLEW IT, TOMMY!

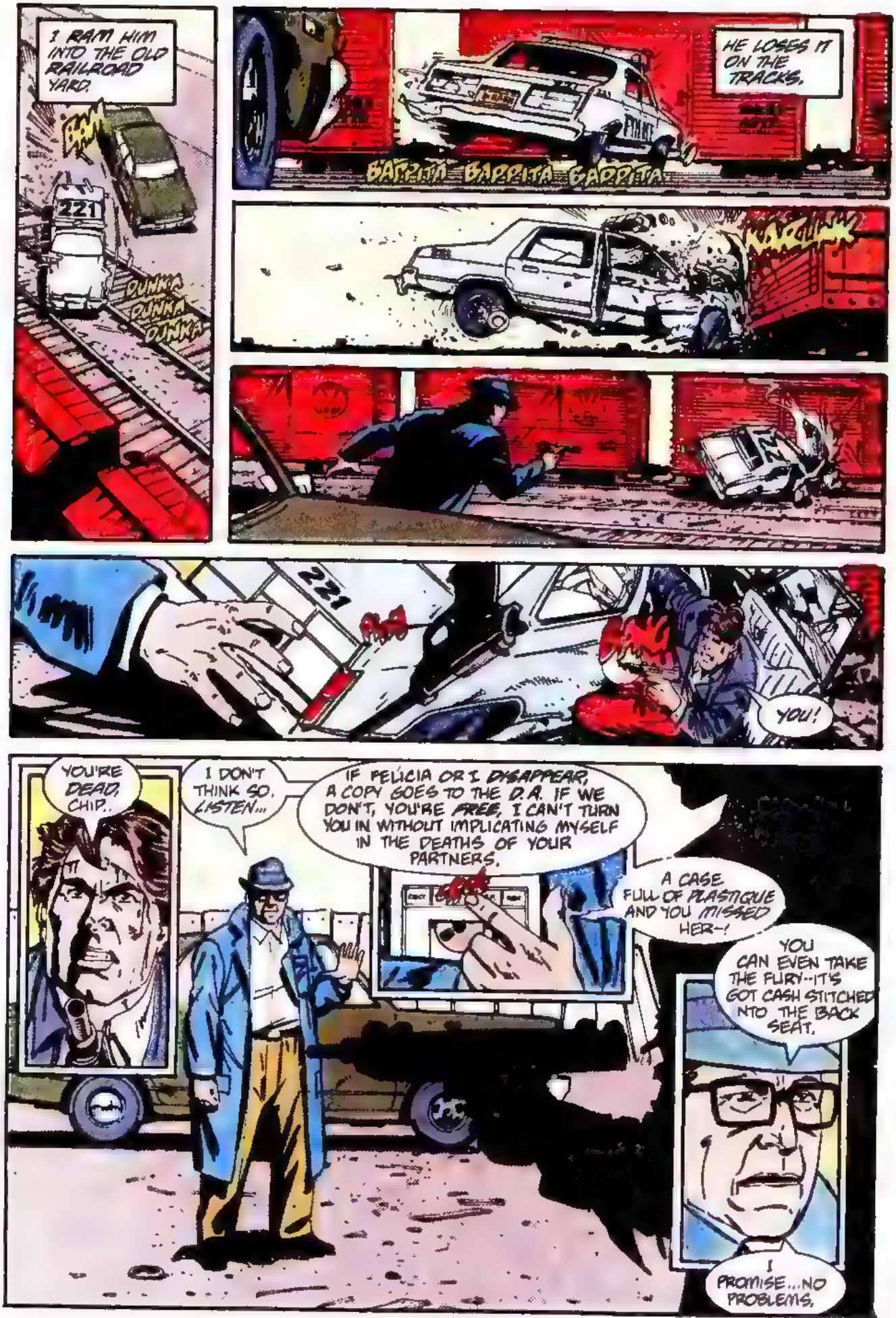
TALK TO ME, JIM...
A CASE FULL OF PLASTIQUE, AND YOU MISSED HER!
HEY, JIM..THE BOMB WORKED..
GENLEMEN.. KAFDRAH HAS COMMITTED MILLIONS TO OUR LIQUIDATION SALE. WE ARE ACCOUNTABLE TO DANGEROUS PARTNERS
BEFORE YOUR WIFE CREATES FRICTION, JAMES, ELIMINATE HER YOURSELF.
I WOULD, BUT THIS WHOLE PROJECT IS GETTING TOO HOT...
SURE, NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT TO SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER...
NO, IT'S NOT LIKE THAT... IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE MOVING SO FAST...
I GET A SUDDEN HEADACHE THESE GUYS JUST HANDED ME WHAT ANY D.A. WOULD GIVE HIS THUMBS FOR.
BUT THIS ISN'T FOR ANY D.A.. ILLEGAL EVIDENCE, INADMISSABLE IN COURT.
CAN I DO IT?
I THINK OF BEN, FELICIA, AND RUDY.
I CAN DO IT.


BUT I'LL NEED CARL.
MORE CLOTHES?
I'M A SNAPPY DRESSER.
YEAH, I CAN SEE THAT...
CARL GUSTAV.
AH... NOW THOSE SWEDES, THEY KNOW HOW TO BUILD AN ANTI-TANK GUN.
GOT TO BE CAREFUL OF CIVILIANS. H.E. ROUNDS WITH STEEL BALLS ARE THE ULTIMATE DISINFECTANT.
STILL THERE. NOBODY ELSE IN THE BUILDING. STEADY...
AIM...
FIRE...
KA-BOOM


BAAAAAM
I'D FORGOTTEN HOW LOUD CARL IS. TIME TO LEAVE.
WHAT'S THE BIG NOISE UPSTAIRS?
LOVERS' QUARREL IN #16. THEY'RE REALLY SLAMMING THOSE DOORS...
POLICE
HOLY SMOKE! DID A GAS MAIN BLOW?
HEY! THERE'S A GUY MOVING IN THERE...

UUNNGH... MY HEAD FEELS LIKE THE WORLD TORE APART...
...THAT EXPLOSION... THE OTHERS... ALL DEAD.
ONLY THE VAULT DOOR SAVED ME... LUCKY...
...COPS WILL COME SOON...
...GOT TO GET AWAY... LIE LOW...
SIR! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THE PARAMEDICS...
LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!
BRAM BRAM
AHHH...
HNNGH...
IT'S A TOUGH JOB, BUT IT COMES WITH THE BADGE...
BRAM BRAM BRAM
ONLY HOPE IS TO RUN FOR IT AND DITCH THIS CAR...
POLICE


VROOM
POLICE
CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY...
ROOM
HE'S TRYING TO LOSE ME IN THE INTERSECTION...
HONK HONK
SCREECH
HONK HONK SCREECH
221
THAT GUY LOOKS FAMILIAR...
NO WAY, JIM. I ARMORED THE FURY A LONG TIME AGO.
THE PLYMOUTH'S HEAVY. I TRY TO RUN HIM OFF THE ROAD.


I RAM HIM INTO THE OLD RAILROAD YARD.
221
DUNKA DUNKA DUNKA
HE LOSES IT ON THE TRACKS.
BAPPITA BAPPITA BAPPITA
KA-GLUNK
221
YOU!
YOU'RE DEAD, CHIP..
I DON'T THINK SO. LISTEN...
IF FELICIA OR I DISAPPEAR, A COPY GOES TO THE D.A. IF WE DON'T, YOU'RE FREE. I CAN'T TURN YOU IN WITHOUT IMPLICATING MYSELF IN THE DEATHS OF YOUR PARTNERS.
A CASE FULL OF PLASTIQUE AND YOU MISSED HER--!
YOU CAN EVEN TAKE THE FURY--IT'S GOT CASH STITCHED INTO THE BACK SEAT.
I PROMISE...NO PROBLEMS.

IF YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES I'LL KILL YOU. YOU SWEAR?
I PROMISE. JUST TAKE THE CAR AND GO.
ALL RIGHT... IT'S THE BEST DEAL I'VE GOT. SO LONG, JERK.
ACTUALLY, JIM, THERE ARE TWO SMALL PROBLEMS. ONE IS THE THERMITE DEVICE I HAVE HIDDEN IN THE FURY.
THE OTHER, WELL... NOW AND THEN...
KA-BOOM!!
...I LIE.

end.

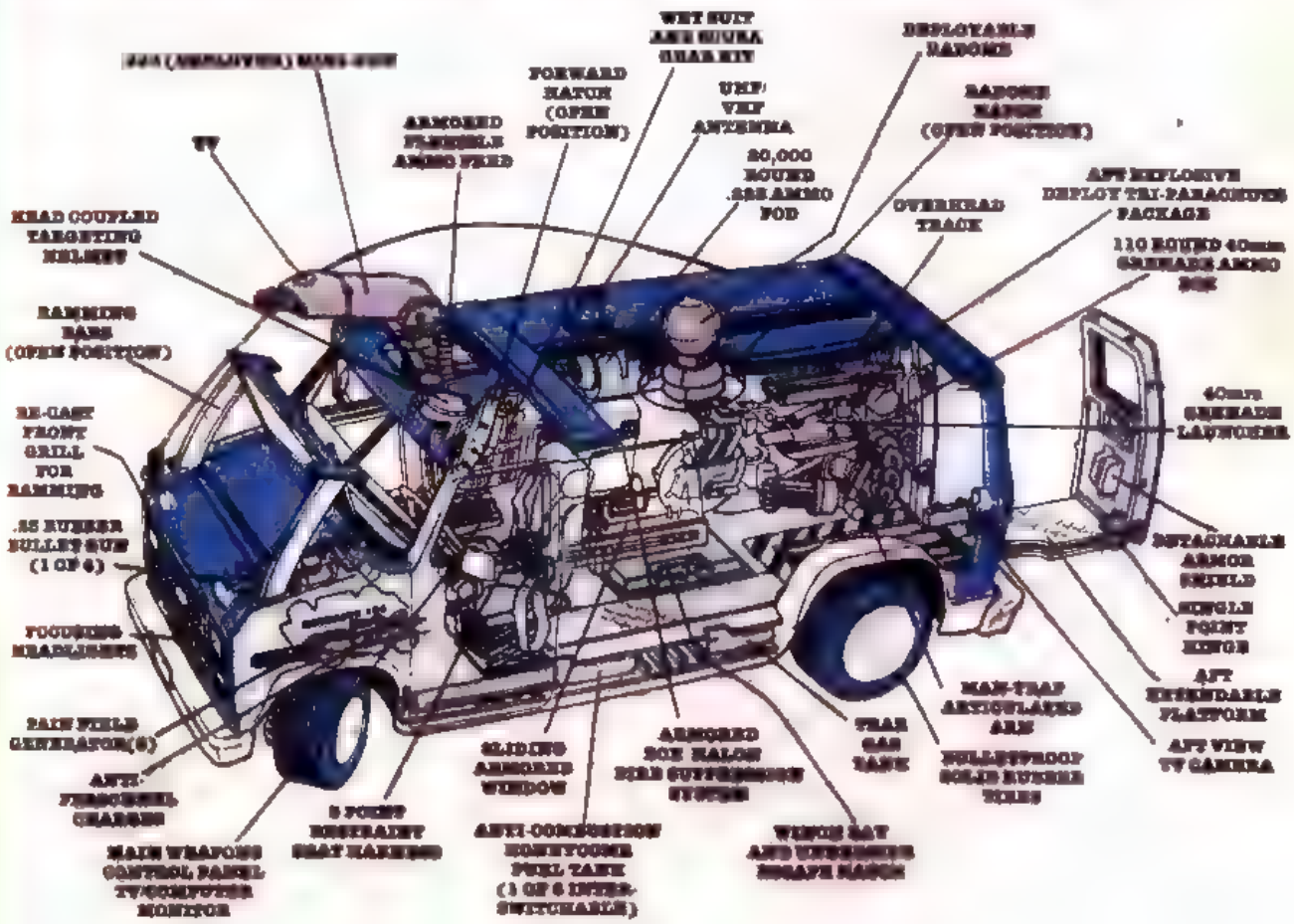
THE PUNISHER'S BATTLE VAN

Data: The Punisher's Battle Van
Curb weight: 6,800 lbs.
Engine: Heavily modified Ford V-8, with custom fabricated fuel injection, turbo charging and overall computer monitoring and constant engine adjustment. The 400 cubic inch powerplant develops a maximum (nitrous oxygen enhanced) of 270 horsepower
Overall length: 184"
Wheel base: 85"
Steering radius, 72' turn: 90"
Performance:
0-40 mph acceleration: 4.8 sec
0-60 mph acceleration: 6.9 sec
0-100 mph acceleration: 9.9 sec
Special features: Constant adjust air-assist suspension, electronically governed variable transmission, braking and steering (with expert system auto-pilot), one layer of peel-off body color and license plate. **Extra-high efficiency air-conditioning system provides cooling for vehicle interior and the engine's water supply**
Microchip features: The entire vehicle's operation is supervised by a monolithic, heavily shielded and environmentally protected computer and includes such responsibilities as intruder detection and suppression, USA road and city maps, the audio listening device digital filtering and enhancement processes, and sonar ranging of outside objects.
Offensive features include an electric 4 barrel mini-gun in .223 caliber with a 20,000 round ammo pod both mounted on a mobile articulated arm which depends from a ceiling mounted track. On a spur of the same track is a similarly mounted 40mm grenade launcher with a 110 shell ammo box. The mini-gun can be slaved to radar control with the ability to track any HCT (Head Coupled Targeting) assigned object, from buildings to as many as 3 flying objects at one time. Four compressed air driven .25 cal. rubber bullet machine guns are mounted at the four corners of the van and provide crowd control for high-performance in-city driving, each gun has 400 rounds. Also for close crowd control is a bi-modal delivery system either in stream or gas, of tear gas and/or white fog. In the rear of the van is an automated man-trap which is a computer-driven flexible arm imbedded with nitinol wires which has the ability to rapidly ensnare any set target person's limbs. The man-trap tendrils are mounted on an articulated arm with a reach of about 11 feet. The man-trap can be used for intruder or interrogation restraint.
Defensive features: The entire van body has been armored and has various weak points doubly-armored, all windows are multi-layered glass/Mar-guard composites with doubled panels in critical protection areas. The tires are machined from solid rubber and are bullet-proof, the riding comfort of the van is effected through an active, computerized suspension. The van is protected by various intruder detectors but is aggressively protected by a ring of electronic pain field generators and a set of anti-personnal charges capable of firing three lethal charges.

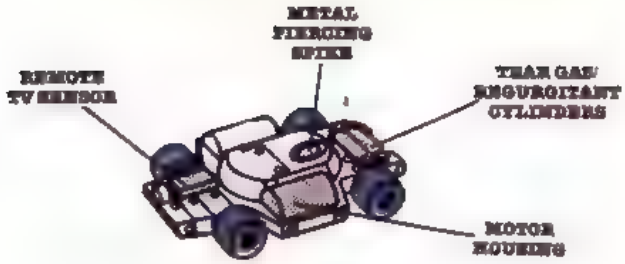
Other features are fore and aft parachute packs which are explosively deployed and which inflate by compressed gas charges, the 6 parachutes allow a mininum survivable fall of 25 feet (estimated), and an indefinite maximum. All doors and hatches can be opened by manual or computer means and all can be blown off with explosive charges. There is an internal air supply (located in the glove compartment) for 4 people and a complete wet-suit and underwater breathing apparatus for 1 (located in a case on the right wall).

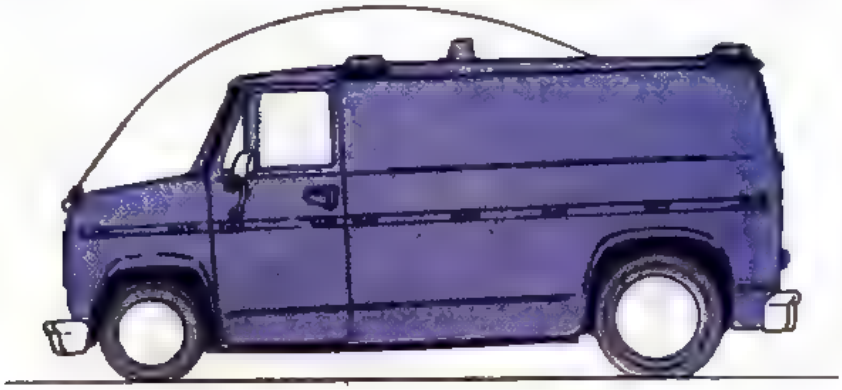
The full-spectrum communications systems is part of the computer but is included in the surveillance package which has infrared night-vision and thermograph scanning, audio amplification devices and computerized interpretation. There are 3 radio phone lines for voice, computer and answering machine device. The HCT helmet is linked to the van frame via infrared position locators and is accurate to 1/10°, the helmet is contoured to fit around a low-profile headset, self-powered and is also infrared linked to the van (the range is 75 feet, a radio link device is needed for greater ranges) which allows hands-off phone dialing as well as limited vehicle control.

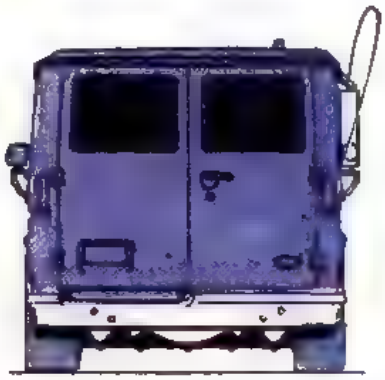
There is an omni-directional 15 ton capacity winch which also covers an underside escape hatch.

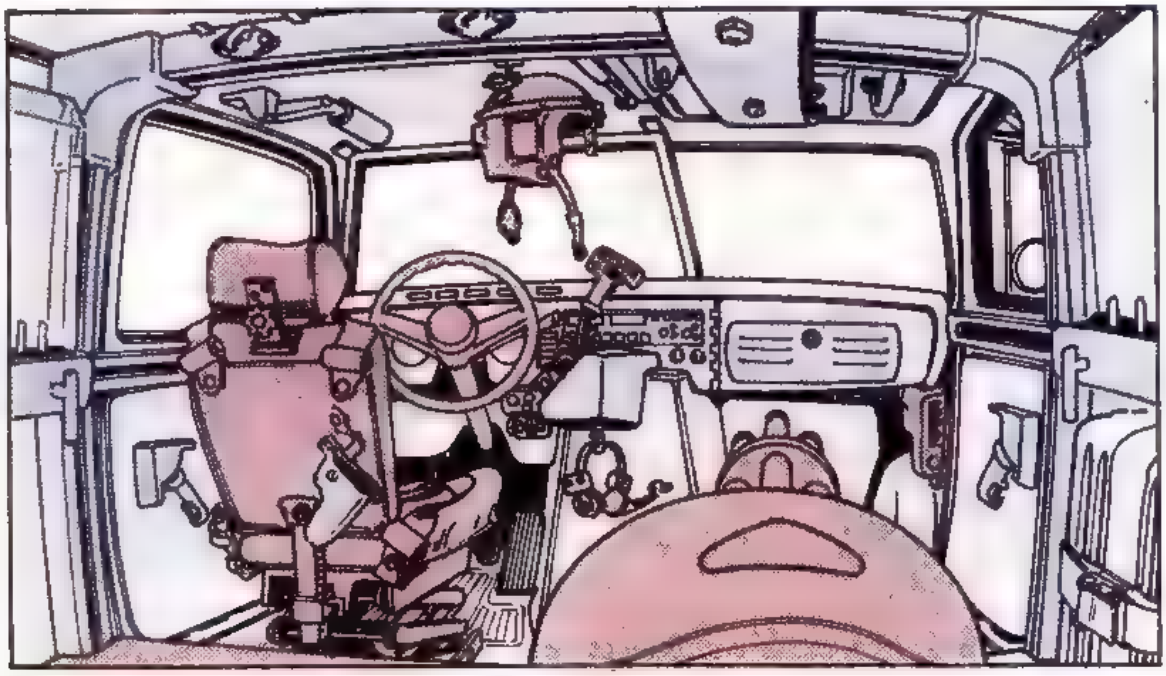

WET SUIT AND SCUBA GEAR KIT
DEPLOYABLE RADOME
FORWARD NATOR (OPEN POSITION)
UHF/ VHF ANTENNA
RADOME RADOME (OPEN POSITION)
ARMORED FLEXIBLE AMMO FEED
TV
20,000 ROUND .223 AMMO POD
AFT EXPLOSIVE DEPLOY TRI-PARACHUTE PACKAGE
OVERHEAD TRACK
HEAD COUPLED TARGETING HELMET
110 ROUND 40mm GRENADE AMMO BOX
RAMMING BARS (OPEN POSITION)
40mm GRENADE LAUNCHER
RE-CAST FRONT GRILL FOR RAMMING
.25 RUBBER BULLET GUN (1 OF 4)
DETACHABLE ARMOR SHIELD
FOCUSING HEADLIGHTS
SINGLE POINT HINGE
AFT EXPENDABLE PLATFORM
MAN-TRAP ARTICULATED ARM
PAIN FIELD GENERATOR(S)
TEAR GAS TANK
AFT VIEW TV CAMERA
BULLETPROOF SOLID RUBBER TIRES
SLIDING ARMORED WINDOW
ARMORED BOX HALON FIRE SUPPRESSION SYSTEM
ANTI-PERSONNEL CHARGES
5 POINT RESTRAINT SEAT HARNESS
ANTI-CONFLAGRATION HONEYCOMB FUEL TANK (1 OF 6 INTER-SWITCHABLE)
WINCH BAY AND UNDERSIDE ESCAPE HATCH
MAIN WEAPONS CONTROL PANEL TV/COMPUTER MONITOR

Data: Mobile Anti-Car Attack Device
Curb weight: 27 lbs.
Engine: Twin, in-line high-efficiency electric motors
Overall length: 22"
Steering radius: 0"
Performance:
Acceleration: 60 feet/sec²
Top Speed: 155 mph
Special features: Infrared linked to main van computer for post-launch targetting at speed, an explosive-driven armor piercing spike which injects tear and regurgitant gas at high pressure, and a multi-shot .22 automatic which can blow out all four vehicle tires at once.



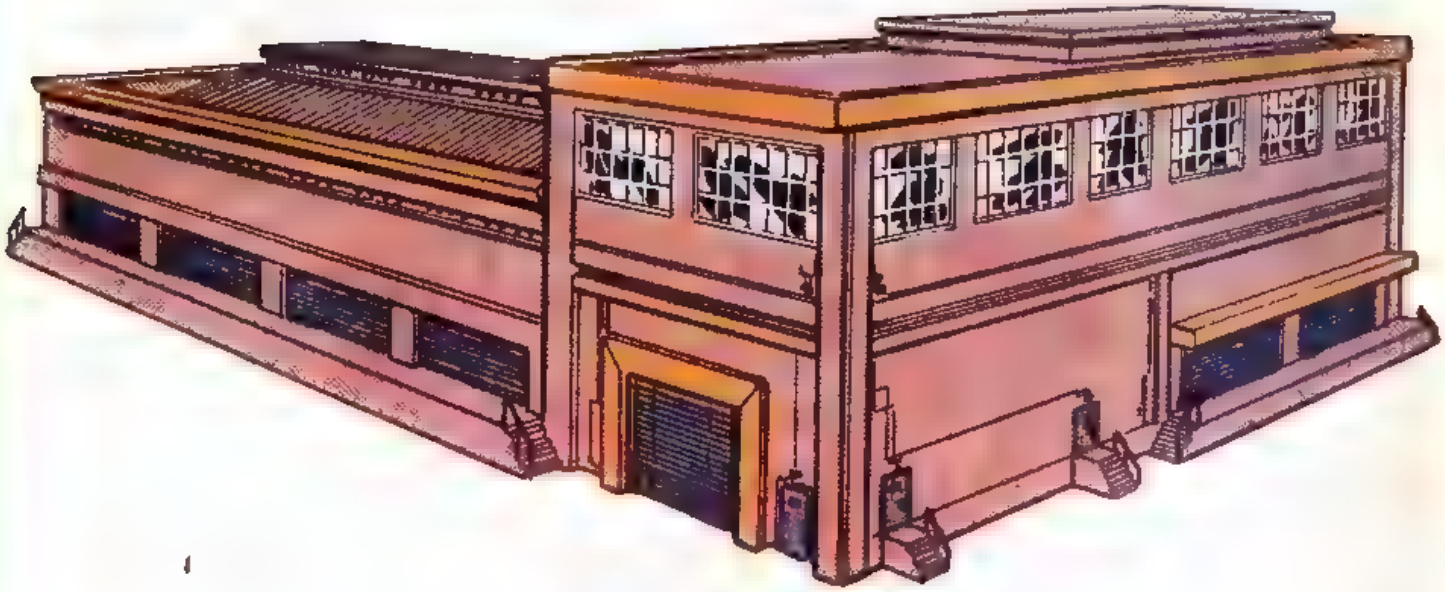


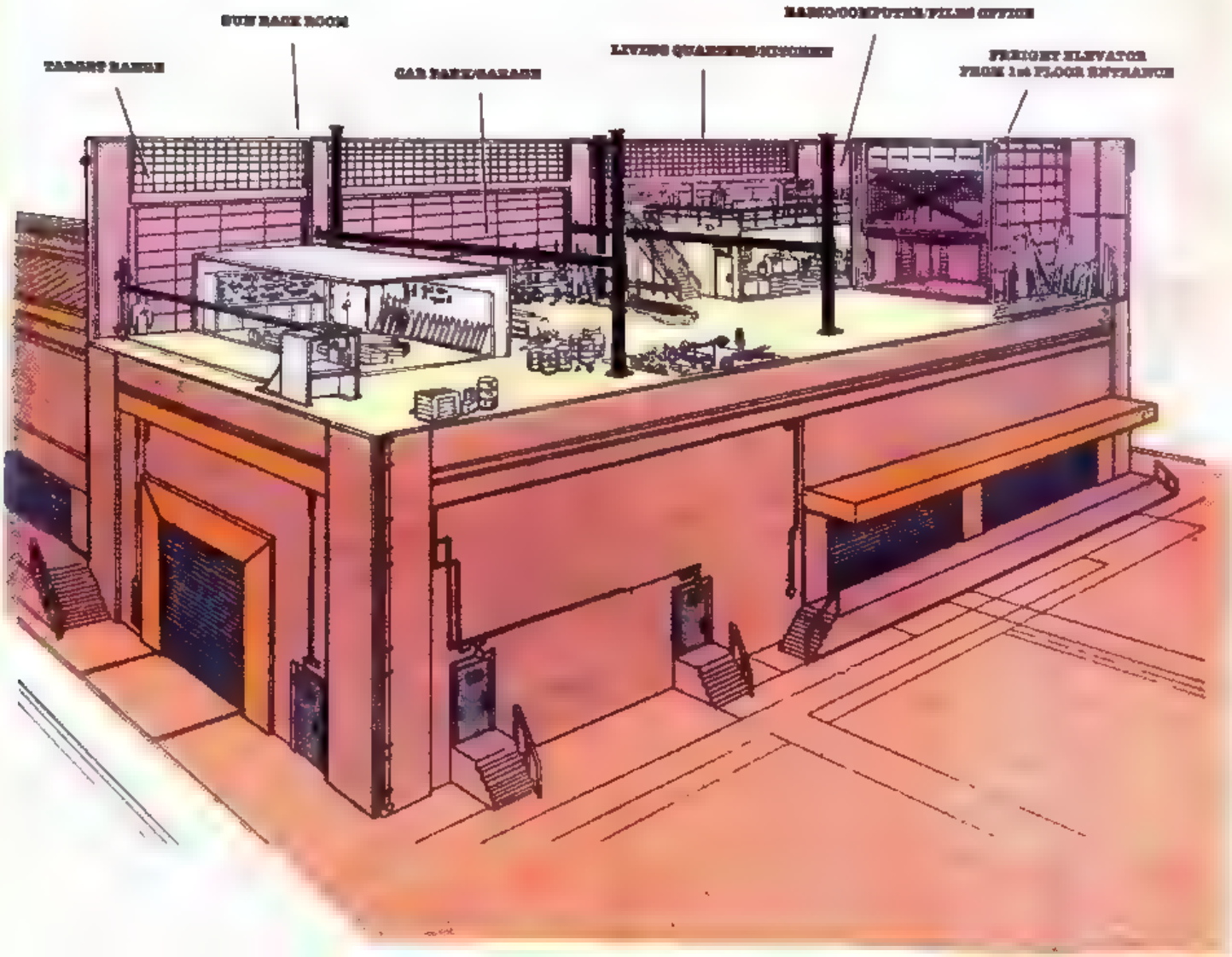


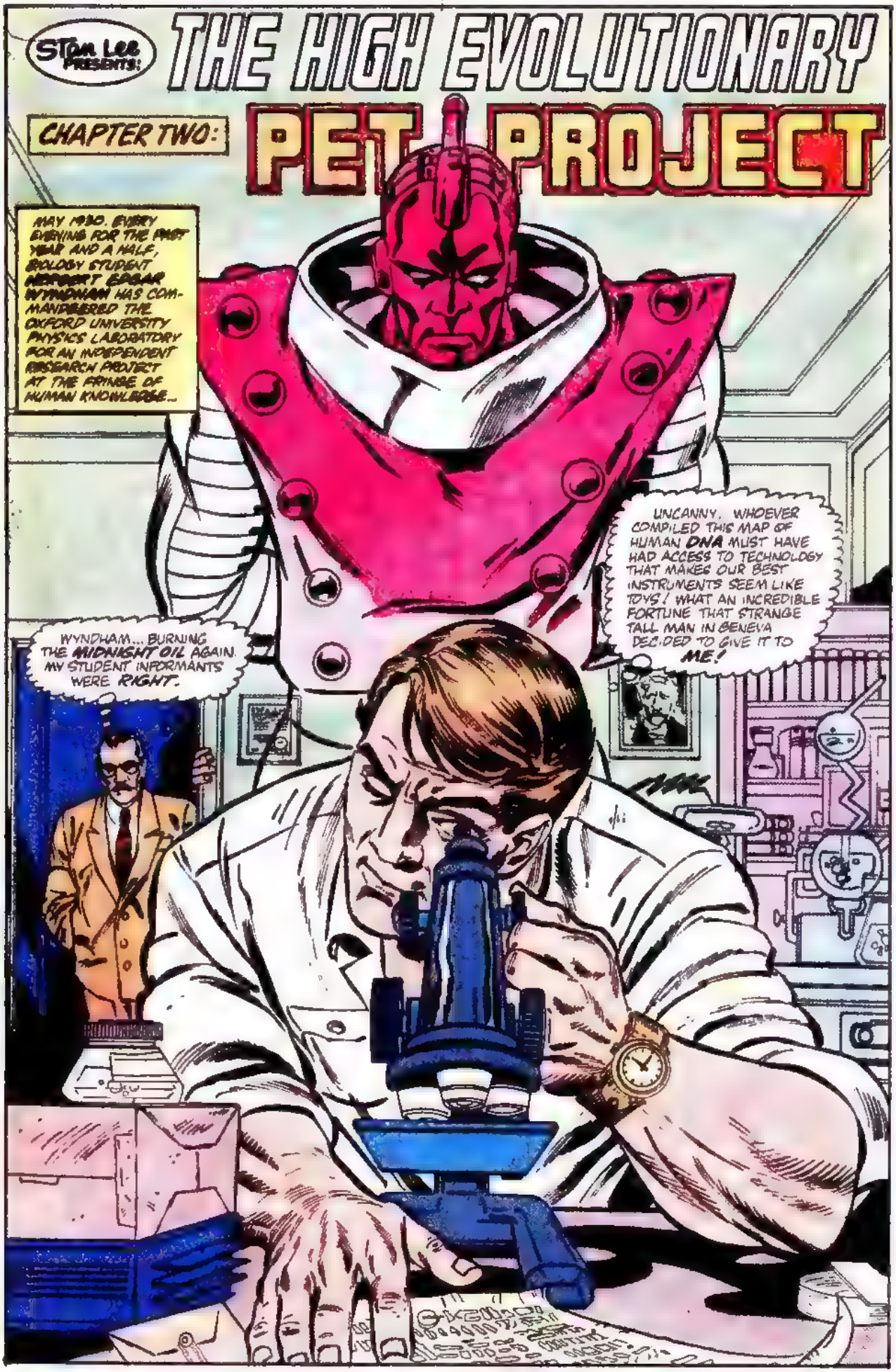


THE PUNISHER'S WAREHOUSE

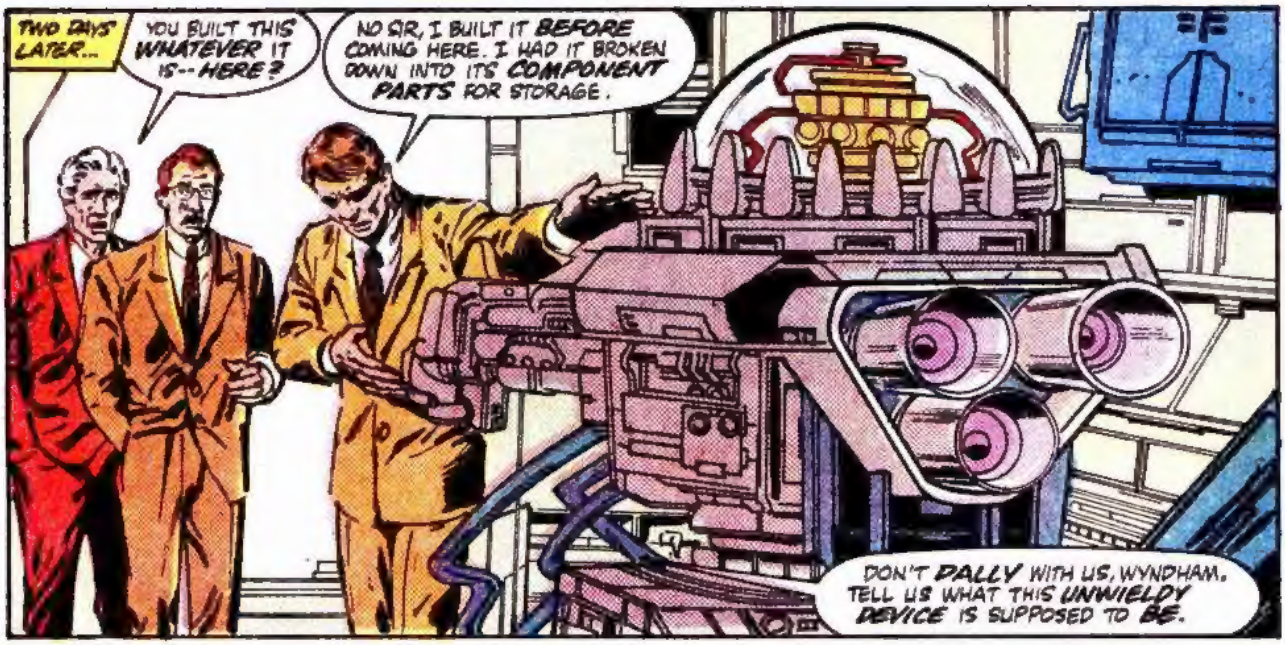
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY






STan Lee PRESENTS:
THE HIGH EVOLUTIONARY
CHAPTER TWO:
PET PROJECT
MAY 1930. EVERY EVENING FOR THE PAST YEAR AND A HALF, BIOLOGY STUDENT HERBERT EDGAR WYNDHAM HAS COMMANDEERED THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PHYSICS LABORATORY FOR AN INDEPENDENT RESEARCH PROJECT AT THE FRINGE OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE...
WYNDHAM... BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL AGAIN. MY STUDENT INFORMANTS WERE RIGHT.
UNCANNY. WHOEVER COMPILED THIS MAP OF HUMAN DNA MUST HAVE HAD ACCESS TO TECHNOLOGY THAT MAKES OUR BEST INSTRUMENTS SEEM LIKE TOYS! WHAT AN INCREDIBLE FORTUNE THAT STRANGE TALL MAN IN GENEVA DECIDED TO GIVE IT TO ME!

WYNDHAM--A WORD WITH YOU
PROFESSOR REARDON--I--WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO LATE?
I'M HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT, LAD--I CAN VISIT MY FACILITIES WHENEVER I WISH.
GOT TO HIDE THESE PARCHMENTS--!
OF COURSE, SIR.
WHAT 'S IT YOU ARE WORKING ON WYNDHAM?
WELL, SIR, IT'S JUST A PET PROJECT OF MINE. I-I'D PREFER NOT TO LET ANYONE SEE IT UNTIL IT'S DONE... I WANT THE CHANCE TO WEED OUT ALL OF THE MISTAKES MYSELF!
IT IS DISTRESSING TO ME, WYNDHAM, THAT SOMEONE WITH SUCH DILIGENT WORK HABITS AS YOURSELF COULD BE EARNING SUCH MEDIOCRE GRADES. WHY IS THAT, LAD?
WELL, I .. UH...
I DARE NOT TELL HIM IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE LITTLE PATIENCE FOR THE ELEMENTARY LESSONS THE FACULTY HERE HAS TO TEACH ME!
I MUST WARN YOU, IF YOUR ACADEMIC STANDING DOES NOT IMPROVE BY THE END OF THE SEMESTER, YOUR SCHOLARSHIP WILL BE RESCINDED.
BUT--!
AS PRIMITIVE AS THESE FACILITIES ARE, THEY MAY BE THE BEST IN ALL ENGLAND. I CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO WORK HERE!
SIR, IF I WERE TO SHOW YOU AND MY OTHER PROFESSORS MY WORK, MIGHT I BE PERMITTED TO DETERMINE MY OWN CURRICULUM? I AM CERTAIN YOU'D BE FAVORABLY IMPRESSED--!
HARRUMPH! VERY WELL, WYNDHAM, I'LL SPEAK TO THE FACULTY AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN ARRANGE A... DEMONSTRATION.

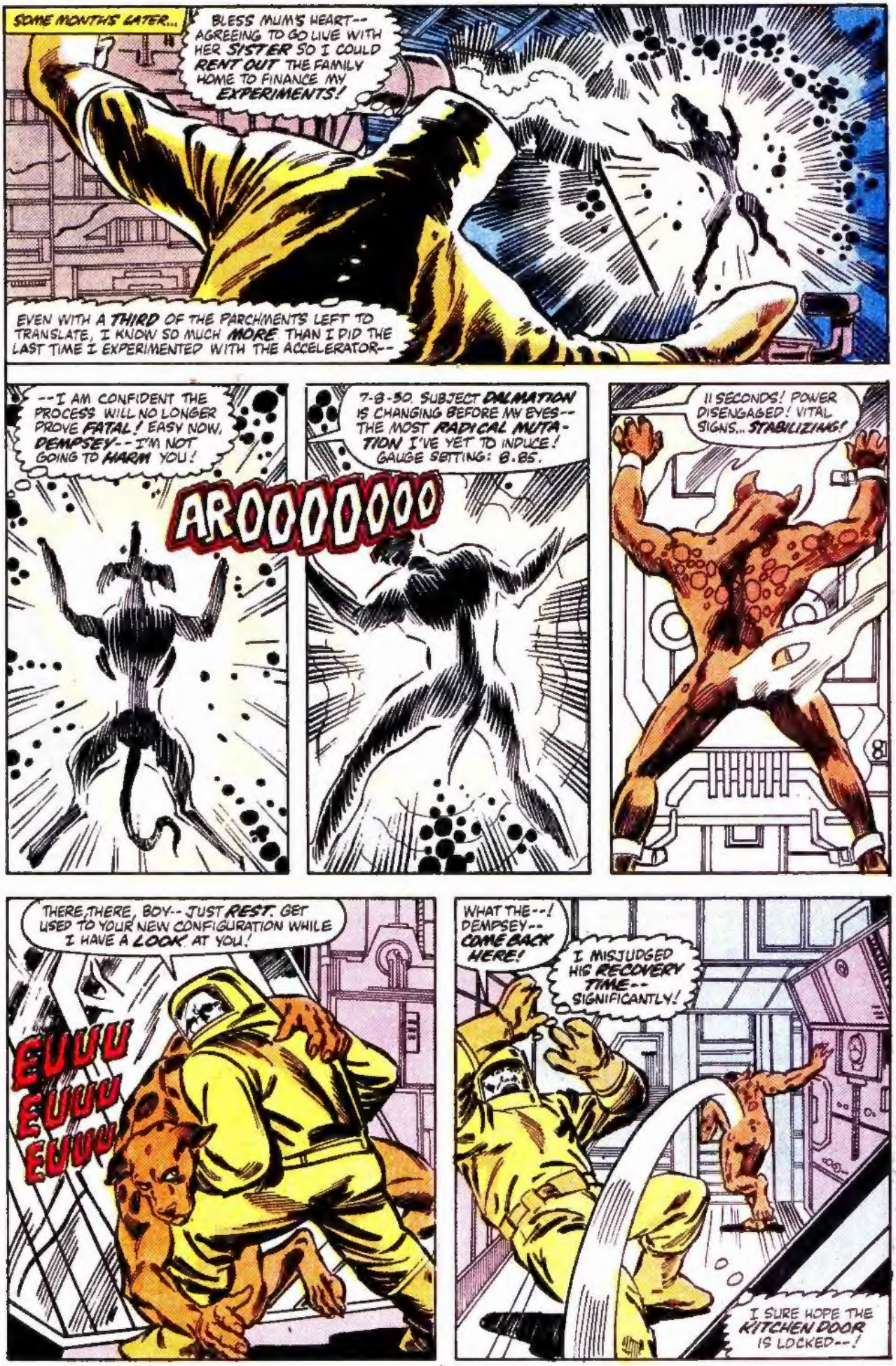

TWO DAYS LATER...
YOU BUILT THIS WHATEVER IT IS--HERE?
NO SIR, I BUILT IT BEFORE COMING HERE. I HAD IT BROKEN DOWN INTO ITS COMPONENT PARTS FOR STORAGE.
DON'T DALLY WITH US, WYNDHAM. TELL US WHAT THIS UNWIELDY DEVICE IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

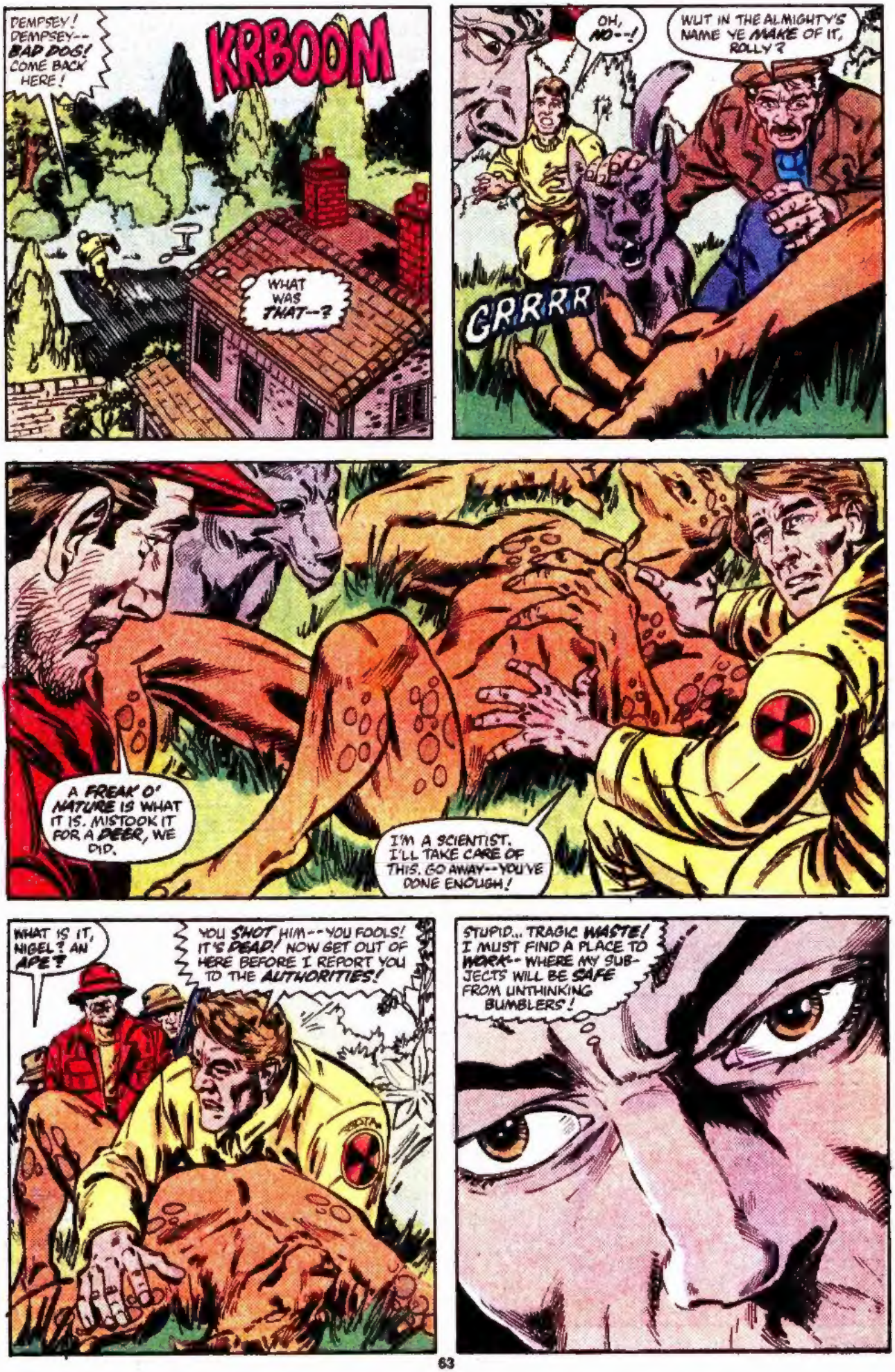
MY ESTEEMED PROFESSORS, THIS IS MY PROTOTYPE GENETIC ACCELERATOR--A DEVICE DESIGNED TO SPEED UP THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESSES WITHIN THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF LIFE ITSELF!
WHAT--? IMPOSSIBLE! RIDICULOUS! IT CAN NEVER WORK!
NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAMPER WITH EVOLUTION--WERE SUCH A THING EVEN POSSIBLE!

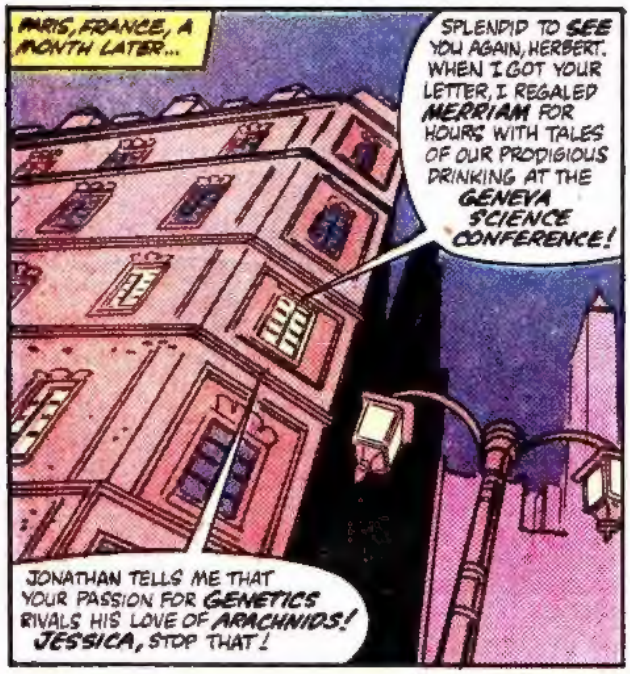
IT'S NOT JUST POSSIBLE, MY LEARNED MENTORS--I'VE DONE IT. MY EFFORTS HAVE NOT BEEN ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL YET, HOWEVER. THAT IS WHY I HAVE NOT EXPERIMENTED WITH IT FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS NOW.
HERE, LOOK AT THESE DIAGRAMS OF THE DNA OF A RAT. THE ONE ON THE LEFT WAS SKETCHED PRIOR TO THE USE OF MY MACHINE--THE ONE ON THE RIGHT JUST AFTER! YOU CAN SEE HOW MY ACCELERATOR CAUSED IT TO MUTATE!

THOSE SKETCHES OF YOURS PROVE NOTHING, WYNDHAM, AND YOU KNOW IT! HOW GULLIBLE DO YOU THINK WE ARE?
I WISH I COULD GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION, SIR, BUT THE POWER UNIT NEEDS REPLACING AND--OH, IF I'D ONLY BROUGHT MY RAT TISSUE COLLECTION HERE TO THE UNIVERSITY!
I DON'T LIKE YOUR MOCKING TONE, BOY!

THE NEXT DAY...
I JUST HAD TO LET THOSE FUDDY-DUDDIES MAKE ME LOSE MY TEMPER, DIDN'T I? NOW I'VE BEEN EXPELLED, JUST DAYS BEFORE THE END OF THE SEMESTER!
WHERE TO NOW? BACK TO MUM'S, AND THE FIFTH RATE FACILITIES I'VE COBBLED TOGETHER THERE, I GUESS...

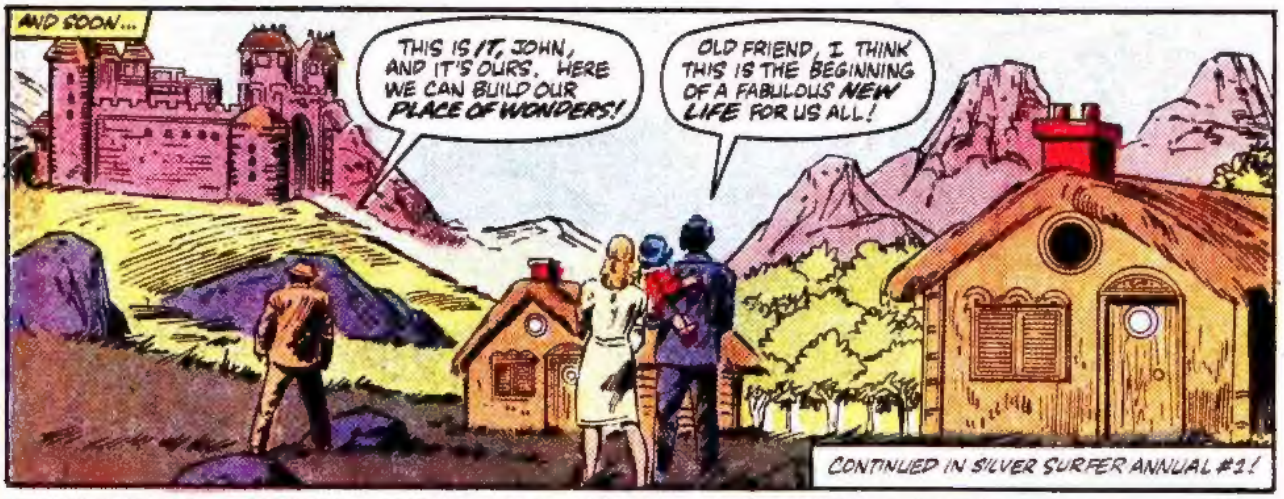

SOME MONTHS LATER...
BLESS MUM'S HEART-- AGREEING TO GO LIVE WITH HER SISTER SO I COULD RENT OUT THE FAMILY HOME TO FINANCE MY EXPERIMENTS!
EVEN WITH A THIRD OF THE PARCHMENTS LEFT TO TRANSLATE, I KNOW SO MUCH MORE THAN I DID THE LAST TIME I EXPERIMENTED WITH THE ACCELERATOR--
--I AM CONFIDENT THE PROCESS WILL NO LONGER PROVE FATAL! EASY NOW, DEMPSEY-- I'M NOT GOING TO HARM YOU!
7-8-50. SUBJECT DALMATION IS CHANGING BEFORE MY EYES-- THE MOST RADICAL MUTATION I'VE YET TO INDUCE! GAUGE SETTING: 8.85.
AROOOOOOO
11 SECONDS! POWER DISENGAGED! VITAL SIGNS... STABILIZING!
THERE, THERE, BOY-- JUST REST. GET USED TO YOUR NEW CONFIGURATION WHILE I HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!
EUUU EUUU EUUU
WHAT THE--! DEMPSEY-- COME BACK HERE!
I MISJUDGED HIS RECOVERY TIME-- SIGNIFICANTLY!
I SURE HOPE THE KITCHEN DOOR IS LOCKED--!


DEMPSEY! DEMPSEY-- BAD DOG! COME BACK HERE!
KRBOOM
WHAT WAS THAT--?
OH, NO--!
WUT IN THE ALMIGHTY'S NAME YE MAKE OF IT, ROLLY?
GRRRR
A FREAK O' NATURE IS WHAT IT IS. MISTOOK IT FOR A DEER, WE DID.
I'M A SCIENTIST. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS. GO AWAY--YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH!
WHAT IS IT, NIGEL? AN APE?
YOU SHOT HIM--YOU FOOLS! IT'S DEAD! NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I REPORT YOU TO THE AUTHORITIES!
STUPID... TRAGIC WASTE! I MUST FIND A PLACE TO WORK-- WHERE MY SUBJECTS WILL BE SAFE FROM UNTHINKING BUMBLERS!


PARIS, FRANCE, A MONTH LATER...
SPLENDID TO SEE YOU AGAIN, HERBERT. WHEN I GOT YOUR LETTER, I REGALED MERRIAM FOR HOURS WITH TALES OF OUR PRODIGIOUS DRINKING AT THE GENEVA SCIENCE CONFERENCE!
JONATHAN TELLS ME THAT YOUR PASSION FOR GENETICS RIVALS HIS LOVE OF ARACHNIDS! JESSICA, STOP THAT!

I DON'T MIND.
SO, ACCORDING TO YOUR LETTER, YOU WANT US TO POOL OUR RESOURCES AND SET UP A LITTLE RESEARCH FACILITY ALL BY OURSELVES.
THAT'S RIGHT JONATHAN, WE'RE BOTH VISIONARIES IN A NEAR-SIGHTED WORLD. PERHAPS IT'S TIME FOR US TO FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN CREATE OUR VISIONS UNHAMPERED!
WELL, COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH, MERRIAM HAS JUST INHERITED A SMALL TRACT OF LAND IN THE BALKANS FROM HER MATERNAL UNCLE. WE WERE THINKING OF SIMPLY SELLING IT...

BUT PERHAPS WE COULD RENOVATE IT... CONVERT IT INTO A LABORATORY. BELIEVE ME, BOTH JESSICA AND I WOULD LOVE IT IF WE COULD TRICK JOHN INTO DOING HIS WORK AT HOME!
THANK YOU, DEAR.


AND SOON...
THIS IS IT, JOHN, AND IT'S OURS. HERE WE CAN BUILD OUR PLACE OF WONDERS!
OLD FRIEND, I THINK THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF A FABULOUS NEW LIFE FOR US ALL!
CONTINUED IN SILVER SURFER ANNUAL #2!

MARK GRUENWALD story | PARIS CULLINS pencils | TONY DeZUNIGA inks | KEN LOPEZ letters | GREGORY WRIGHT colors | RALPH MACCHIO editor | TOM DeFALCO editor-in-chief